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The CHILDREN'S DIGEST

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THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST is, it is believed, the only magazine to be printed on what is known as "eye-ease" tinted paper. Scientific tests have proved that this light green paper is easier on the eyes than is white paper or any other tinted paper. The Century Schoolbook type used in this magazine has also been most carefully chosen for its readability.

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November, 1950

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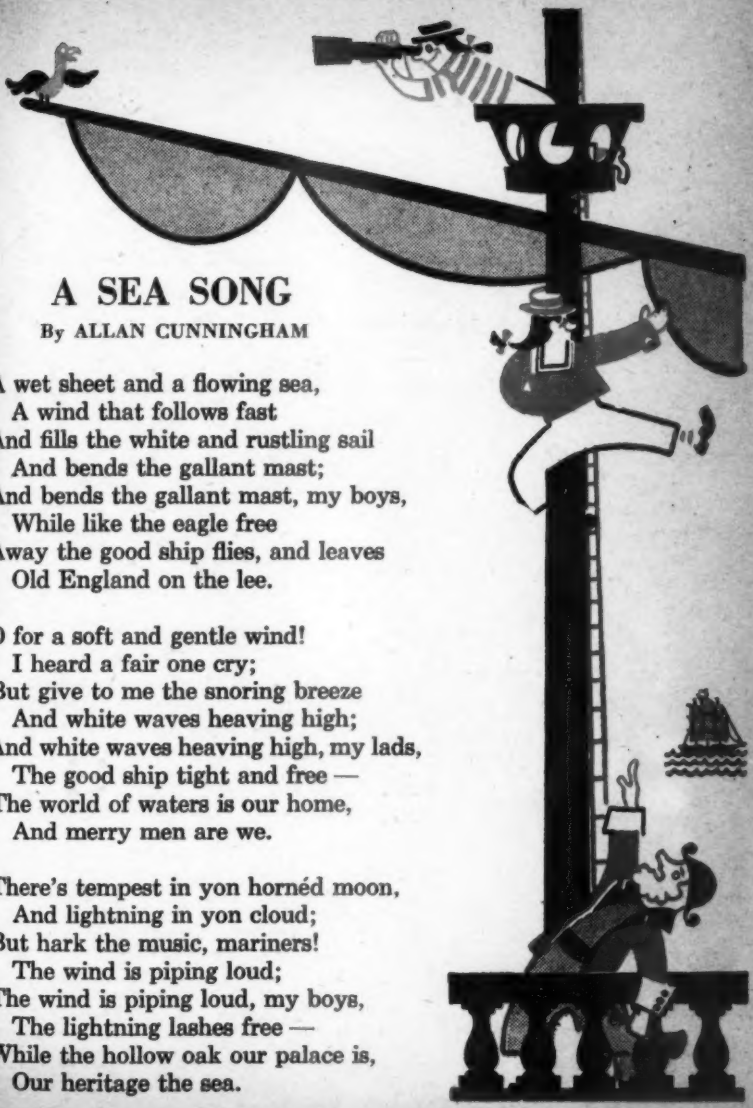


A SEA SONG

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
  And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
  The good ship tight and free —
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
  The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning lashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

With a burst of speed, the English matador caught his tail.

Dr. Dolittle's Great Bullfight

By HUGH LOFTING

Illustrations by Dan Lawler

Hugh Lofting wrote and illustrated the many famous Dr. Dolittle books. This story, from "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle," takes place on a small Spanish island where a weekly bullfight is held. The Doctor, who loves animals so much that he has learned their language, is horrified at this cruel exhibition. He challenges the foremost matador to a bullfighting contest with the condition that all bullfighting is to stop if the Doctor won. Naturally nobody believes that this fat little man could possibly win and so the challenge is accepted. The story opens on the day of the contest.

THE next day was a great day in Monteverde. All the streets were hung with flags; and everywhere gaily dressed crowds were to be seen flocking towards the bull-ring, as the big circus was called where the fights took place.

The news of the Doctor's challenge had gone round the town and, it seemed, had caused much amusement to the islanders. The very idea of a mere foreigner daring to match himself against the great Pepito de Malaga! — Serve him right if he got killed!

When we set out from the harbor to walk to the bull-ring, crowds of small boys ran after us making fun of the Doctor's fatness, calling out, "*Juan Hagapoco, el grueso matador!*" which is the Spanish for, "John Dolittle, the fat bullfighter."

As soon as we arrived the Doctor said he would like to take a look at the bulls before the fight began; and we were at once led to the bull pen where, behind a high railing, six enormous black bulls were tramping around wildly.

In a few hurried words and signs the Doctor told the bulls what he was going to do and gave them careful instructions for

their part of the show. The poor creatures were tremendously glad when they heard that there was a chance of bullfighting being stopped; and they promised to do exactly as they were told.

Of course the man who took us in there didn't understand what we were doing. He merely thought the fat Englishman was crazy when he saw the Doctor making signs and talking in ox tongue.

From there the Doctor went to the matadors' dressing-rooms while Bumpo and I with Polynesia made our way into the bull-ring and took our seats in the great open-air theater.

It was a very gay sight. Thousands of ladies and gentlemen were there, all dressed in their smartest clothes; and everybody seemed very happy and cheerful.

Right at the beginning Don Enrique got up and explained to the people that the first item on the program was to be a match between the English Doctor and Pepito Malaga. He told them what he had promised if the Doctor should win. But the people did not seem to think there was much chance of that. A roar of laughter went up at the very mention of such a thing.

When Pepito came into the ring everybody cheered, the ladies blew kisses and the men clapped and waved their hats.

Presently a large door on the other side of the ring was rolled back and in galloped one of the bulls; then the door was closed again. At once the matador became very much on the alert. He waved his red cloak and the bull rushed at him. Pepito stepped nimbly aside and the people cheered again.

This game was repeated several times. But I noticed that whenever Pepito got into a tight place and seemed to be in real danger from the bull, an assistant of his, who always hung around somewhere near, drew the bull's attention upon himself by waving another red cloak. Then the bull would chase the assistant and Pepito was left in safety. Most often, as soon as he had drawn the bull off, this assistant ran for the high fence and vaulted out of the ring to save himself. They evidently had it all arranged, these matadors; and it didn't seem to me that they were in any very great danger from the poor clumsy bull so long as they didn't slip and fall.

After about ten minutes of this kind of thing the small door into the matadors' dressing-room opened and the Doctor strolled into the ring. As soon as his fat figure, dressed in sky-blue velvet, appeared, the crowd rocked in

their seats with laughter.

Juan Hagapoco, as they had called him, walked out into the centre of the ring, and bowed ceremoniously to the ladies in the boxes. Then he bowed to the bull.

The Doctor fixed the onrushing bull with his eye.

Then he bowed to Pepito. While he was bowing to Pepito's assistant the bull started to rush at him from behind.

"Look out! Look out! — The bull! You will be killed!" yelled the crowd.

But the Doctor calmy finished his bow. Then turning round he folded his arms, fixed the onrushing bull with his eye and frowned a terrible frown.

Presently a curious thing happened: the bull's speed got slower and slower. It almost looked as though he were afraid of that frown. Soon he stopped altogether. The Doctor shook his finger at him. He began to tremble. At last, tucking his tail between his legs, the bull turned round and ran away.

The crowd gasped. The Doctor ran after him. Round and round

the ring they went, both of them puffing and blowing like grampuses. Excited whispers began to break out among the people. This was something new in bullfighting, to have the bull running away from the man. At last in the tenth lap, with a final burst of speed, Juan Hagapoco, the English matador, caught the poor bull by the tail.

Then leading the now timid creature into the middle of the ring, the Doctor made him do all manner of tricks; standing on the hind legs, standing on the front legs, dancing, hopping, rolling over. He finished up by making the bull kneel down; then he got on to his back and did handsprings and other acrobatics on the beast's horns.

Pepito and his assistant had their noses sadly out of joint. The crowd had forgotten them entirely. They were standing together by the fence not far from where I sat, muttering to one another and slowly growing green with jealously.

Finally the Doctor turned towards Don Enrique's seat and bowing said in a loud voice, "This bull is no good any more. He's terrified and out of breath. Take him away, please."

"Does the caballero wish for a fresh bull?" asked Don Enrique. "No," said the Doctor, "I want five fresh bulls. And I would like them all in the ring at once, please."

At this a cry of horror burst from the people. They had been used to seeing matadors escaping from one bull at a time. But *five!* — That must mean certain death.

Pepito sprang forward and called to Don Enrique not to allow it, saying it was against all the rules of bullfighting. ("Ha!" Polynesia chuckled into my ear. "It's like the Doctor's navigation; he breaks all the rules; but he gets there. If they'll only let him, he'll give them the best show for their money they ever saw.") A great argument began. Half the people seemed to be on Pepito's side and half on the Doctor's side. At last the Doctor turned to Pepito and made another very grand bow which burst the last button off his waistcoat.

"Well, of course if the caballero is afraid —" he began with a bland smile.

"Afraid!" screamed Pepito. "I am afraid of nothing on earth. I am the greatest matador in Spain. With this right hand I have killed nine hundred and fifty-seven bulls."

"All right then," said the Doctor, "let us see if you can kill five more. Let the bulls in!" he shouted. "Pepito de Malaga is not afraid."

A dreadful silence hung over the great theater as the heavy door into the bull pen was rolled back. Then with a roar the five big bulls bounded into the ring.

"Look fierce," I heard the Doctor call to them in cattle language. "Don't scatter. Keep close. Get ready for a rush. Take Pepito, the one in purple first. But for Heaven's sake don't kill him. Just chase him out of the ring. — Now then, all together, go for him!"

The bulls put down their heads and all in a line, like a squadron of cavalry, charged across the ring straight for poor Pepito.

For one moment the Spaniard tried his hardest to look brave. But the sight of the five pairs of horns coming at him at full gallop was too much. He turned white to the lips, ran for the fence, vaulted it and disappeared.

"Now the other one," the Doctor hissed. And in two seconds the gallant assistant was nowhere to be seen. Juan Hagapoco, the fat matador, was left alone in the ring with five rampaging bulls.

The rest of the show was really well worth seeing. First, all five bulls went raging round the ring, butting at the fence with their horns, pawing up the sand, hunting for something to kill. Then each one in turn would pretend to catch sight of the Doctor for the first time and giving a bellow of rage, would lower his wicked looking horns and shoot like an arrow across the ring as though he meant to toss him to the sky.

It was frightfully exciting. And even I, who knew it was all arranged beforehand, held my breath in terror for the Doctor's life when I saw how near they

With a final bow, John Dolittle lit a cigar and strolled out.

came to sticking him. But just at the last moment, when the horns' points were two inches from the skyblue waistcoat, the Doctor would spring nimbly to one side and the great brutes would go thundering harmlessly by, missing him by no more than a hair.

Then all five of them went for him together, completely surrounding him, slashing at him with their horns and bellowing with fury. How he escaped alive I don't know. For several minutes his round figure could hardly be seen at all in that scrimmage of tossing heads, stamping hoofs and waving tails — It was, as Polynesia had promised, the greatest bullfight ever seen.

One woman in the crowd got quite hysterical and screamed up to Don Enrique,

"Stop the fight! Stop the fight! He is too brave a man to be killed. This is the most wonderful matador in the world. Let him live! Stop the fight!"

But presently the Doctor was seen to break loose from the mob of animals that surrounded him. Then catching each of them by the horns, one after another, he would give their heads a sudden twist and throw them down flat on the sand. The great fellows acted their parts extremely well. I have never seen trained animals in a circus do better. They lay there panting on the ground where the Doctor threw them as if they were exhausted and completely beaten.

Then with a final bow to the ladies John Dolittle took a cigar from his pocket, lit it and strolled out of the ring.

SPEED

The ox, the horse, the engine, the trolley and the ship — all thought their middle name was "Zip"

By LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

Copyright 1948 by E. P. Dutton & Co. From the "Here And Now Story Book" by Lucy Sprague Mitchell.

ONCE there was a big beautiful white ox. His back was broad, his horns were long and his eyes were large and gentle. He went slowly sauntering down the road one sunshiny summer day. As he walked along he swung from side to side carefully putting down his small feet. And this is what he thought:

"I am pleased with myself — so large, so broad, so strong am I. Is there anyone else who can pull so heavy a load? Is there anyone else who can plow so straight a furrow? What would the world do without me?"

Just then he heard something tearing along the road behind

him. "Clopperty, clopperty, clopperty, clopperty." In a moment up dashed a big, black horse.

"Greetings," lowed the ox, slowly turning his large gentle eyes on the excited horse. "Why such haste, my brother?" The horse tossed his mane. "I'm in a hurry," he snorted, "because I'm made to go fast. Why, I can go ten miles while you crawl one! The world has no more use for a great white snail like you. But if you want speed, I'm just what you need. Watch how fast I go!" and clopperty, clopperty he was off down the road. As the ox watched the horse disappear he thought of what he had heard.

"He called me a great white snail! He said he could go ten miles while I crawled one! Surely this swift horse is more wonderful than I!"

Now as the horse went frisking along this is what he thought. "I am pleased with myself. I am sleek, I am swift — swifter than the ox. What would the world do without me?"

Just then he heard a strange humming overhead. He glanced up. The sound came from a wire, taut and vibrating. Then he heard fast turning wheels coming "Kathump, kathump." And what do you think that poor frightened horse saw coming along the road? A self-moving car with a trolley overhead touching the single wire! His eyes stuck out of his head and his mane stood on end he was so scared. What made it go, he wondered.

"Hello, clodhopper," shrieked the electric car. "I didn't know there were any of you four-footed curiosities left. Surely the world has no more use for you. Where you go in half a day, I go in an hour; where you carry one man, I carry ten. If you want speed, I'm just what you need. Just watch me!" He was gone leaving only the humming wire overhead. The poor horse thought of what he had heard.

"He called me a clodhopper! He said he could go in an hour where I take half a day! Surely this swift car is more wonderful than I!"

Now the trolley went swinging on his way thinking, "I am pleased with myself. My power is the same as the lightning that rips the sky. I am swift — swifter than the ox — swifter than the horse. What would the world do without me?"

Just then he heard a terrifying noise. It sounded like a mighty monster coughing his life away.

"Chug, a chug a chug a chug, chug." Then to his horror he saw coming across the green field a gigantic iron creature with black smoke and fiery sparks streaming from a nose on top of his head.

"Well, slowpoke," screamed the engine as he came near the car. "Out o' breath? No wonder. You're not made to go fast like me, for I move by the great power of steam. Look at my monstrous boilers; see my hot fire. Where you go in a half day, I go in an hour; where you carry one man I carry twenty. If you want speed I'm just what you need! Goodbye. Take your time, slow coach." And chug, chug, he was off leaving only a trail of dirty smoke behind him. The poor trolley car thought of what he had heard.

"He called me a slowpoke! He said he could go in an hour where I take a half day! Surely this ugly engine is greater than I!"

Now the engine raced down to the freight depot which was near the great shipping docks. As he waited to be loaded he thought:

"I am pleased with myself. I am swift — swifter than the ox, swifter than the horse, swifter than the electric car. What would the world do without me? I serve everyone, I go everywhere —"

Just here he was interrupted by the deep booming voice of a freight steamer lying alongside the wharf. "Tooooooot" is what the voice said, "you ridiculous landlubber! You go everywhere? What about the water? Can you go to France and back again? It's only I who can haul the world's goods across the ocean! And even where you can go, you never get trusted if they can possibly use me, now do you? Did you ever think why men use boats instead of you? Did you ever think why men cut the great Panama Canal so that sea could flow into sea? Well, it's simply because they're smart and prefer me to you when they can get me. You eat too much coal with your speed, — that's what the trouble is with you — you ridiculous landlubber!"

This long speech made the old steamer quite hoarse so he cleared his throat with a long "Tooooooot" and sank into silence.

"Of course, what he says is true," thought the engine. "At the same time it is equally true that *on land* I *do* serve everyone, I go everywhere —"

Just here he was interrupted again by a most unexpected noise. It sounded half like a steel giggle, half like a brass hiccough. It made the engine uneasy. He was sure someone was laughing at him. Majestically he turned his headlight till it lighted up a funny little automobile who was laugh-

ing and laughing and shaking frantically and going "zzzzz."

"You silly little road beetle," shouted the great engine. "What on earth's the matter with you?"

The automobile gave one violent shake, turned off his spark and said in an orderly voice, "It struck my funny bone to hear you say you went everywhere on land, that's all. Don't you realize you're an old fuss-budget with your steam and your boiler and your fire and what not? You're tied to your rails and if everything about your old tracks isn't kept just so you tumble over into a ditch or do some fool thing. Now I'm the one that can endure real hardships. Sparks and gasoline! you just sit right there, you baby, you rail-clinger, and watch me take that hill! Honk, Honk!" And he was off up the hill.

The engine slowly turned back his headlights till the light shone full on his shiny rails. He thought of what he had heard. "He called me a rail-clinger — yes, that I am. How can that preposterous little beetle run without tracks? I'm afraid he's more wonderful than I."

Now the automobile went jouncing and bouncing up the rough road puffing merrily and thinking, "I'm mightily pleased with myself. Look at the way I climb this hill. There's nothing really so wonderful as I —"

Just then he heard a sound that made his engine boil with fright. Dzdzdzdzdzr — it seemed to come right out of the sky. He got all his courage together and turned his searchlights up. The sight instantly killed his engine. Above him soared a giant airplane. It floated, it wheeled, it rose.

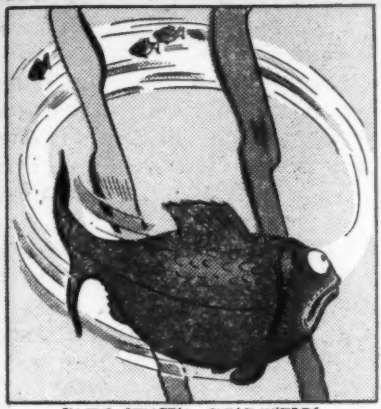
"Dzdzdzdz. You think you're wonderful, you poor little creeping worm tied to the earth! I pity all you slow, slow things that I look down on as I fly through the sky. Ox made way for horse, horse made way for engine, street car and auto and all, — all make way for me. For if you want speed, I'm just what you need. Dzdzdzdzdz."

And the great airplane wheeled and rose like a giant bird. The automobile watched him, too humbled to speak. Up, up, up, went the airplane — up, up, up 'til it was out of sight.

There was an old man on the Border,
Who lived in the utmost disorder;
He danced with the cat, and made tea in his hat,
Which vexed all the folks on the Border.

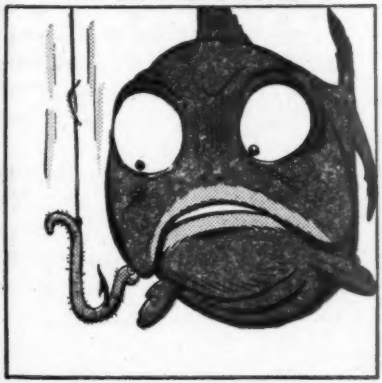
— *Edward Lear*

The FISH GLASSES



IN THE CRYSTAL CLEAR WATERS OF COLD PUGET SOUND, THERE LIVED A BIG CODFISH THAT SWAM 'ROUND AND 'ROUND.

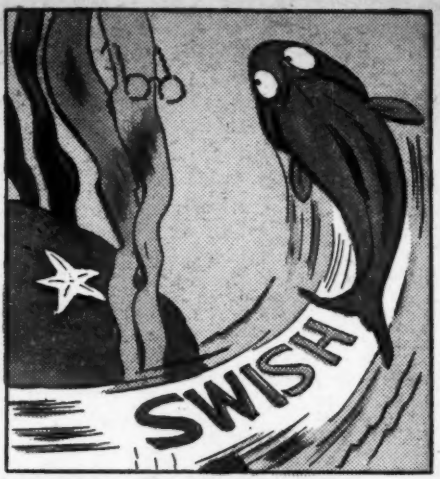
HE CHASED ALL THE FISH THAT WERE SMALLER THAN HE AND GOBBLED UP ALL THAT HIS POP EYES COULD SEE...



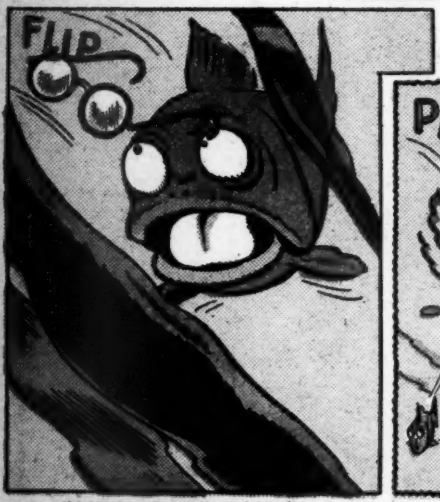
EXCEPT BAIT ON A HOOK— HE WAS TOO WISE FOR THAT! THAT'S WHY HE GREW OLD AND LAZY- AND FAT.

A FISHERMAN SNEEZED AS HE FISHED FROM HIS BOAT. HIS GLASSES FLEW OFF AND, OF COURSE, DIDN'T FLOAT!

THEY SANK INTO SEAWEED
THAT GREW ON THE BOTTOM,
SO THE FISHERMAN HAD TO
FISH ON WITHOUT 'EM!

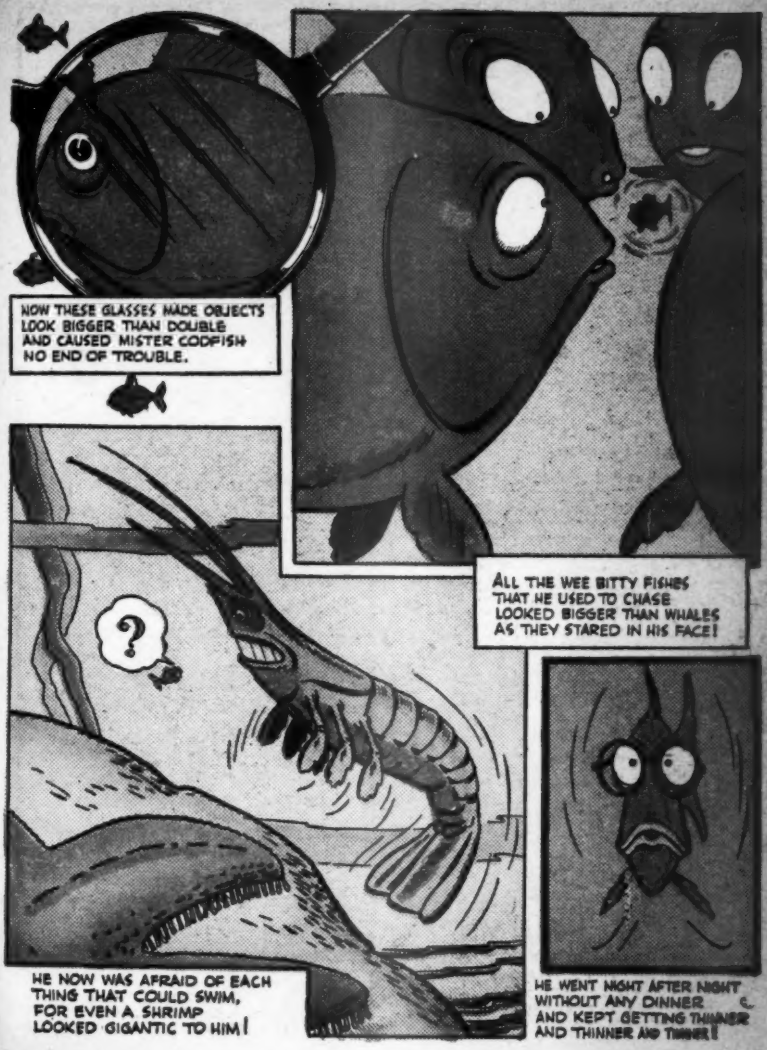


OUR HUNGRY OLD CODFISH,
WHO WASN'T TOO SMART,
THOUGHT THE GLASSES A WORM
AND MADE A FAST DART.



HE RUSHED AT THE GLASSES
BUT- TO HIS SURPRISE,
THEY FLIPPED FROM THEIR PERCH
AND PLOPPED ON HIS EYES!

THEY HOOKED IN HIS GILLS
AS HE TRIED TO DODGE THEM.
HE SHOOK AND HE SHOOK,
BUT HE COULDN'T DISLODGE THEM!


NOW THESE GLASSES MADE OBJECTS LOOK BIGGER THAN DOUBLE AND CAUSED MISTER CODFISH NO END OF TROUBLE.
ALL THE WEE BITTY FISHES THAT HE USED TO CHASE LOOKED BIGGER THAN WHALES AS THEY STARED IN HIS FACE!
?
HE NOW WAS AFRAID OF EACH THING THAT COULD SWIM, FOR EVEN A SHRIMP LOOKED GIGANTIC TO HIM!
HE WENT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WITHOUT ANY DINNER & AND KEPT GETTING THINNER AND THINNER AND THINNER!

AT LAST, OUT OF HUNGER, HE DECIDED TO WAIT FOR THE FISHERMAN'S LINE TO DROP HIM SOME BAIT.
YUM!
YUM!
WE'RE DOWN ABOUT 20 FATHOMS. DOES THAT MAKE US DEEP THINKERS TOO?
ALTHOUGH OUR OLD COD WAS A VERY DEEP THINKER, HE SWALLOWED THE BAIT HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER!
HILDA B.
PARDON ME, FOLKS! AM I IN YOUR WAY? EXCUSE ME PLEASE - I'M SORRY!

THE FISHERMAN NEARLY FELL IN THE BRINE WHEN HE SAW WHAT HE HAD ON THE END OF HIS LINE!

HE TOOK BACK HIS GLASSES AND TURNED THE FISH FREE, AND NOW MISTER COD *IS AS MEEK AS CAN BE!*

Riddles · Riddles · Riddles

What is full of holes but holds water?

A sponge.

What is the largest diamond in the world?

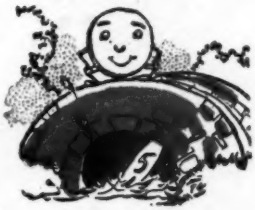
A baseball diamond.

What can go all the way round the world and stay in one corner?

A postage stamp.

Is it bad luck for a black cat to follow you?

It all depends — are you man or mouse?



A dime and a nickel were sitting on a bridge. The nickel fell off. Why didn't the dime?

The dime had more cents.

When is a doctor most annoyed?

When he's out of patience.

Which travels faster, heat or cold?

Heat. You can catch cold.

How did Peter Rabbit's mother mend his torn pants?

With a cabbage patch.

What is the shortest bridge in the world?

The bridge of your nose.

What did the colt say when he cleared his throat?

"Excuse me, I'm just a little hoarse."

THE GUDRA'S DAUGHTER

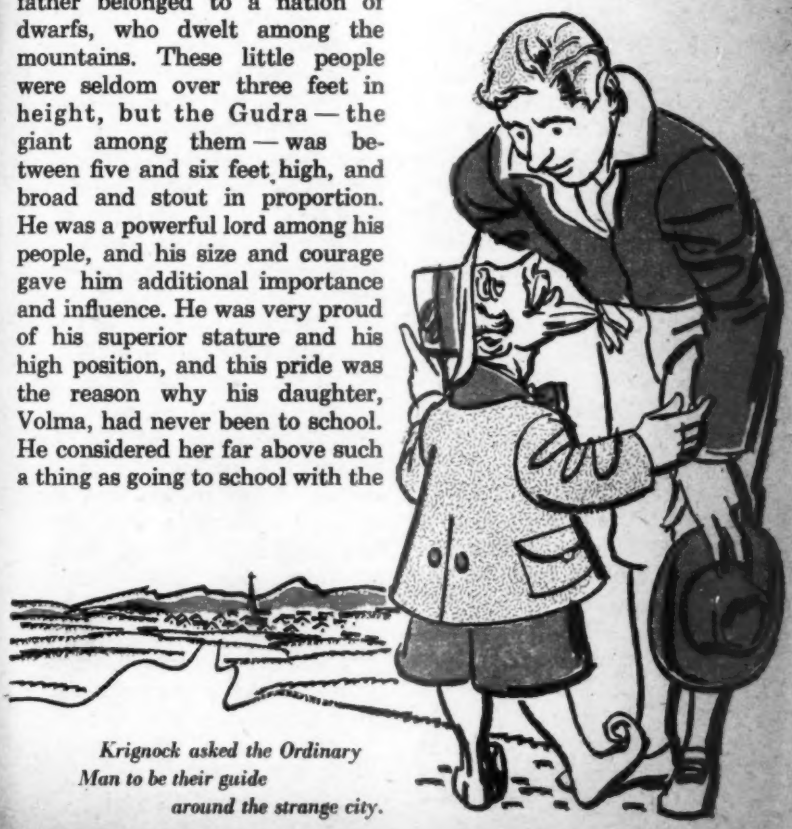
By FRANK R. STOCKTON

This story is digested from the November, 1879, issue of St. Nicholas Magazine. *The author served as editor of this famous magazine and many of his stories originally appeared there. His best known short story is "The Lady or the Tiger?" You might also try his book, "The Bee Man of Orn and Other Fanciful Tales."*

THE Gudra's daughter was named Volma. She was thirteen years old, and had never been to school. Her kind mother had taught her all she knew.

But, as there are many people who do not know what a Gudra is, I will state, at once, that a Gudra is a giant dwarf. Volma's father belonged to a nation of dwarfs, who dwelt among the mountains. These little people were seldom over three feet in height, but the Gudra — the giant among them — was between five and six feet high, and broad and stout in proportion. He was a powerful lord among his people, and his size and courage gave him additional importance and influence. He was very proud of his superior stature and his high position, and this pride was the reason why his daughter, Volma, had never been to school. He considered her far above such a thing as going to school with the

Do you know how tall a giant dwarf is? How about a dwarf giant? They're pretty rare people but you can meet them here



Krignock asked the Ordinary Man to be their guide around the strange city.

dwarf children of the country.

Volma resembled her father, in stature, and, at the time of this story, was as large as an ordinary girl of her age. She was very good and gentle, and would have been glad to go to school, but this her haughty father would not allow. One day, Volma's mother — who was quite a small woman, even for a dwarf — began to talk about her daughter's want of education.

"Education!" cried the Gudra, "I intend she shall have an education. But I do not intend that she shall waste years in poring over books. She is a girl with a fine mind, like mine. She can take in learning instantly. Even now, she is a head higher than any woman in the country."

"But does that make it any more easy for her to learn?" asked her mother.

"Of course, it does!" exclaimed the Gudra. "She is superior, in every way, to any other child in the nation. She shall have an education, but she shall have it all at once. I am sure that her mind is capable of taking in an excellent education in a week."

This made the Gudra's wife exclaim, in astonishment. "My!"

"Of course it is!" cried the Gudra; and then, taking up a heavy hammer, he struck a large bell which hung in his room. This was his manner of summoning the attendants who served him.

One stroke brought the attendant of the first rank, two strokes him of the second rank, and so on.

The one stroke brought in old Krignock, the head-councilor.

"Krignock!" said the Gudra, "you have known me for a very long time — ever since I was born. Did you ever know me to fail in anything?"

"Most noble sir," said Krignock, "I never did."

"There now!" cried the Gudra, turning to his wife. "Did you hear that. I never have failed in anything, and I don't intend to do it now."

"But how do you expect to manage this matter?" asked his wife.

"I don't know yet," said the Gudra. "But I'll do it."

The next day, the Gudra told his wife that he had decided to give his daughter her education among the ordinary men and women of the world; that their methods of learning must be better than those of dwarfs, and that as Volma was now quite old enough to be a learned little princess, he should take her to the part of the world where ordinary people live, and have her immediately educated.

"Am I to go?" asked his wife.

"No," said the Gudra. "I do not wish any one to suppose that

she has so small a mother. I will take Krignock, half a dozen servants, and the Curious One. That will be enough. We shall soon be back."

"But will it not be dangerous," asked his wife, "to travel with the child and so few attendants?"

"Dangerous!" roared the Gudra, indignantly, "am *I* not going?"

The next day they started. They went on foot, for the dwarfs have no horses. The Gudra and his daughter marched first, then came Krignock, then the attendants in single file, and at the rear of all walked the Curious One. This was a young fellow, not quite three feet high, and dressed entirely in white. He had a small head, which was absolutely bald. He was a full-grown dwarf, but had never had any hair on his head. To add to his peculiar appearance, he wore a glass cap. This allowed the sun to shine on his head, to keep it warm, and, in time of storms, it protected his pate from snow and rain. He was very proud of this cap, which was his own invention.

"I do not intend she should waste years in poring over books!"

The duty of the Curious One was to find out things, and tell them to the Gudra. He was excellent at this business, being of an investigating turn of mind, and very fond of telling what he knew; and, on this account, the Gudra liked always to have him near at hand. He now walked last, so that he could see everything that the rest of the company might happen to do.

Having marched for the greater part of a day, with frequent rests, the Gudra and his party drew near a large city. As they approached it, they saw, walking toward them, an Ordinary Man.

"Ho, ho!" cried the Gudra, "here is one of them! And now, Krignock, tell me, am I not larger and taller than this person, who, I suppose is about as big as any of them?"

"Exalted sir," replied Krignock, "it seems to me — it really does seem to me — that you are rather taller, and somewhat stouter than this person."

"I thought so, myself," said the Gudra, drawing himself up.

"Indeed, I supposed, before I saw any of them, that I was larger than the men of this place."

The Ordinary Man now drew quite near, and was much amazed to see the company of dwarfs, who composed the train of the Gudra and his daughter. He stood still and looked at them.

A happy idea came into the Gudra's head. "We shall want some one to guide us about the great city," said he to his head-councilor. "Let us engage this person, if he is acquainted with the place."

The Ordinary Man, when Krignock proposed that he should become their guide, immediately consented. He was not rich, and was glad to get a job. He was also well acquainted with the city, having lived there all his life. The Gudra promised to pay him well.

"In the first place," said the Ordinary Man, when these arrangements had been made, "a party of your rank should not walk into the city. It would not be considered dignified. It would be well if you would sit here and rest, while I go and bring animals for your proper conveyance."

So the Gudra and his company sat down by the road-side, and the Ordinary Man returned to the city, where he went to one of his relatives, who kept a camel-stable, and hired a string of eleven camels. On these animals in single file, one person on each camel, the Gudra and the Ordinary Man leading, with the Curious One bringing up the rear, the party entered the town. As they slowly filed through the streets, a crowd of people collected and followed them. The Gudra was very proud when he saw the curiosity of the citizens.

"I thought I should attract attention," he said to himself.

It was generally supposed that this was a dwarf show, in charge of the Gudra and the Ordinary Man; and the little people on the camels were regarded with great interest, especially the Curious One, who was very conspicuous as he sat on the tallest camel, with his glass cap glistening in the sun. The party was conducted to one of the best inns, where all were sumptuously lodged.

The next day, early in the morning, the Gudra summoned the guide, and told him his object in visiting the city.

"I suppose there are teachers of eminence in this place," said he.

"Oh yes, good sir!" replied the other. "There are persons here who can teach anything from algebra to zoology. And there are also excellent schools."

"Which is the best school?" asked the Gudra.

"The *very* best?" said he.

"Yes, certainly," replied the Gudra sharply; "of course I mean the very best."

"Well, then," said the Ordinary Man, "the very best school is the one where the young prince, the only son of the reigning prince of the city, is educated. In it are all our most learned professors, and there is a class for every branch of education. But the young prince is the only pupil in the school. He is the only one in each class, and all the classrooms, and apparatus, and books, and all the professors and tutors are for him alone."

"That is the very school I want," cried the Gudra. "It is just what I am looking for."

"But it would be impossible for you to get your daughter into that school," said the Ordinary Man. "It was established solely for the young prince, and his father will allow no one else to enter it. Some of our highest nobles have asked that their children might be permitted to share the instruction of the young prince in this most admirable school, but they have always been denied the privilege."

"That makes no difference," said the Gudra. "*I* have never asked. I shall do so instantly. I shall write a letter to the prince of the city, tell him who I am, and ask that my daughter be allowed to study in this school, where everything seems to be brought together in such a manner that an education can be obtained, by such a girl as she is, in a very short time."

Without further ado, the Gudra wrote the letter, and the Ordinary Man was ordered to have it conveyed to the prince.

That same day the answer came. The prince positively refused to allow any child, with the exception of his son, to enter his school.

Now, indeed, was the Gudra angry. No one had ever seen him storm around a room as he now stormed. He vowed he would borrow an army, and carry his daughter into the prince's school at the point of the sword.

"I am afraid," said the Ordinary Man, "that an army of dwarfs would have but a small chance against the soldiers of our prince. And he has plenty of them."

The Gudra could not help thinking that there was sound sense in this remark, but that did not make him feel in any better humor. He called for his head-councilor.

"Krignock!" he cried, "did you ever know me to fail in anything?"

"Never, most eminent sir," re-

plied Krignock: "I never did, indeed."

"Well, then," said the Gudra, striding up and down the floor, "I shall not fail now."

Two or three days now passed, during which the Gudra fumed and the Curious One went everywhere, looking at everything, and coming back, in the evening, to tell his master what he had seen and heard.

During one of his walks, he saw a person approaching him who seemed to be a traveler. He was dusty and travel-worn.

"Sir!" cried the Curious One, "can you tell me where these roads lead?"

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," replied the other; "I am a stranger here; I never saw the city before."

"Indeed!" cried the Curious One; "where did you come from?"

"I came from the land of the giants," said the other.

"The giants!" exclaimed the Curious One. "Why, what were you doing there? Were you not afraid they would kill you?"

"Oh no!" replied the other, smiling; "they would not kill me. I am one of them."

"You!" cried the Curious One. "You! Why you are no bigger than an ordinary man."

"That is probably true," said the other, "I am a dwarf giant."

The Curious One opened his eyes, as wide as they would go. He was too much astonished to say a word.

"Yes," said the other, "my countrymen and my family are

The Gudra proposed single combat.

all giants. I am the only dwarf among them. I am so much smaller and weaker than any of them, that I can do none of the great things they do. And so, somewhat disheartened by my inferior position, I thought I would journey to this city, of which I have heard a great deal, in the hope that something would happen to raise my spirits."

"Do you know," cried the Curious One, "this is the most wonderful thing! My master, who is in the city, is a giant dwarf! And he is just about your size!"

"That is rather remarkable,"

said the other. "A giant dwarf! I should like to see him."

"You can do that easily enough," said the Curious One, "and perhaps you can help him."

"I doubt that very much," said the dwarf giant. "I am seldom successful in anything I undertake. But I am perfectly willing to try."

When they arrived at the inn, the Gudra appeared glad to see the dwarf giant, and immediately poured into his ears the story of his troubles and the affronts to which he had been subjected, to which the other listened as silently and patiently as if he had not heard it all before from the Curious One. When the long recital was finished, the Ordinary Man was summoned, and a consultation between the three was begun.

As little Volma sat and gazed at them, while they were talking together, she said to herself:

"They look just like three brothers."

The Gudra was in favor of carrying out his object by means of some kind of force. He proposed that he should challenge the prince to a single combat, and thus decide the matter. The others opposed this, the dwarf giant saying that, if he were in the Gudra's place, he would be afraid to undertake such a combat, for he had been told that the prince was a brave soldier and a good fighter. The Ordinary Man, also, thought the plan was a poor one. He proposed that they should all three go to the prince, and lay the matter before him, in person. It was often much better to do things in this way than to write letters.

This proposition was agreed to, and the next day the three, accompanied by little Volma, proceeded to the prince's palace.

The prince requested them to make known their business, and the Gudra, drawing himself up as tall as possible, began to state what he wanted, and how dissatisfied he was with the answer to his letter. During this speech, the little prince beckoned to Volma, and, moving to one side, made room for her on his cushion. So she sat down beside him, and they soon began to talk to each other, but in a very low tone.

"You, then," said the prince, addressing the Gudra, when he had finished, "are a giant dwarf, and you," turning to his companions, "are a dwarf giant and an ordinary man?"

The three assented.

"Well," continued the prince, with a smile, "I really do not see very much difference between you. But I will carefully consider what all of you have said, and

will send an answer some time tomorrow." So saying, he dismissed his visitors, first drawing little Volma toward him and taking a good, long look at her pretty and good-humored countenance. In everything but stature, Volma resembled her mother.

After they had departed, — the Gudra a little discontented, for he had wanted his answer on the spot, — the prince proceeded to consider the proposition that had been made to him. He would not have taken more than a minute to make his decision, had it not been that the dwarf giant was one of the party that asked the favor. He cared nothing for the Gudra and his dwarfs; but it would be a bad thing for him to be drawn into a quarrel with the giants, who would not take long to destroy his city, if they should happen to go to war with him. And, although this dwarf giant was very peaceful and reasonable in his remarks, there was no knowing that the quarrelsome Gudra would not be able to prevail upon him to enlist his countrymen in his cause.

So the prince considered and considered, and the next morning he had not finished considering. He walked over to his son's great schoolhouse, that he might consult some of the professors in the matter. While standing in one of the large lecture-rooms, the prince happened to spy a little creature, dressed in white and wearing a glass cap, who was creeping about among the benches and desks.

"Hello! What is that?" cried the prince, and he ordered his attendants to seize the creature. The Curious One was very nimble, but he was soon surrounded and caught. When the prince saw him, he laughed heartily, and asked him who he was and what he was doing there. The Curious One did not hesitate a moment, but told the prince all about himself.

"Then your business," said the prince, "is to hear and see all you can, and tell all you hear and see?"

"That is it, Estimable Prince," replied the Curious One.

"And to pry into other people's affairs?" continued the prince.

"I have to do that, sometimes," returned the little fellow.

"Well, you must not come prying here," said the prince, "and I shall punish you for doing so this time. I might send you to prison, but I will let you off with a slighter punishment than that."

He then called to him the Professor of Motto-Painting, and ordered him to paint a suitable motto on the top of the Curious One's bald head.

The Professor immediately took

a little pot of black paint, and, with a fine brush, he quickly painted a motto on the smooth, white pate of the Curious One. The glass cap was then replaced, and the motto, which was beautifully painted, was seen to show quite plainly through the top of the cap.

The moment the Curious One was released, he ran into the street, and asked the first person he met to please read the motto that was painted on his head, and tell him what it was. The man read it, and burst out laughing, but he would not tell him what the motto was. Many other people were asked, but some of them said there was nothing there, and others simply laughed and walked away.

Devoured by his desire to know what the motto was, the Curious One ran to the inn, feeling sure that his friends would relieve his anxiety; but they laughed, just as the others had done, and even little Volma told him there was nothing there. This he did not believe, for he had felt the paint on his skin, and so he went to his room and, holding a looking-glass over his head, tried to read the motto. There was something there, — that he could see plainly enough, — but the words appeared in the glass, not only to be written backward, but upside down, for the Professor had stood behind him when he painted them. So he had to give it up in despair, and for the rest of his stay in the city he wandered about vainly trying to get some one to tell him what was written

The man just burst out laughing.

on his head. This was the only thing that he now wished to know.

"Why don't you wash it off if it gives you so much trouble?" asked the Ordinary Man. "A little oil would quickly remove it."

"Wash it off!" cried the Curious One. "Then I should never know what it was! I would not wash it off for the world."

After the prince had consulted with the professors, he concluded, solely because he was afraid of

offending the giants, to agree to the Gudra's proposal.

"It will not matter so much," he said, "as he only wishes his daughter to attend the school for one week, it seems."

So Volma went to school, but she did not study anything, as children generally study. She went from room to room, asking questions, listening to explanations, and paying the strictest attention to the manner which the little prince studied and recited his lessons. The professors did not pretend to tell her, as the Gudra had desired, all about their different branches. They knew that would be folly. But they gave her all the information they could, and were astonished to find that she had already learned so much from her mother.

In exactly a week, the Gudra brought his visit to a close.

"My dear Volma," said her mother to her, when they were alone, "what *did* you learn in the great city?"

"Oh, mother dear!" said Volma, "I learned ever so much. I learned, for one thing, that the largest dwarf is no bigger than the smallest giant, and that neither of them is larger than an ordinary man. And, at the school, I learned that it takes years and years to study properly all that I should know. And I have found out how the little prince studies, and how he recites, and I have a list of the books and other things that I need for my education. And now, dear mother, we will get these things, and we will study them together here at home."

This they did, and, gradually, little Volma became very well educated. Every year, the young prince came to see her, and, when she was about twenty years old, he married her, and took her away to the great city, of which he was now prince. Volma's mother used to make her long visits, but her father seldom came to see her. He liked to stay where he was bigger than anybody else.

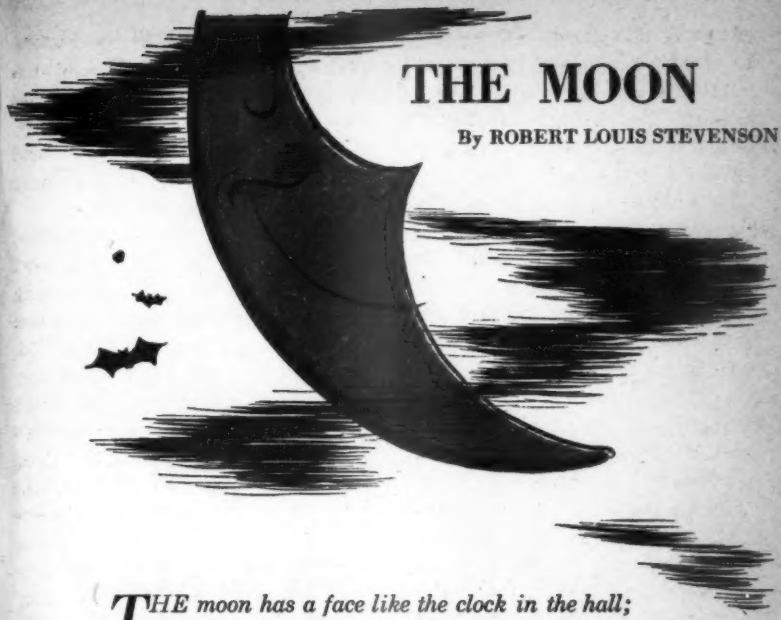
The dwarf giant went home in very good spirits. He had found out that a very small giant is as large as an ordinary man, and that satisfied him.

As for the Curious One, as soon as he reached home, he gathered together a lot of small looking-glasses, and so arranged them that, by having one reflect into another, and that into another, and so on, he at last saw the reflection of the top of his head, right side up, and in proper order. And he read these words:

"There is nothing here."

"Now, what does that mean?" he cried. "Did that Motto-Professor mean hair or brains?"

He never found out.



THE MOON

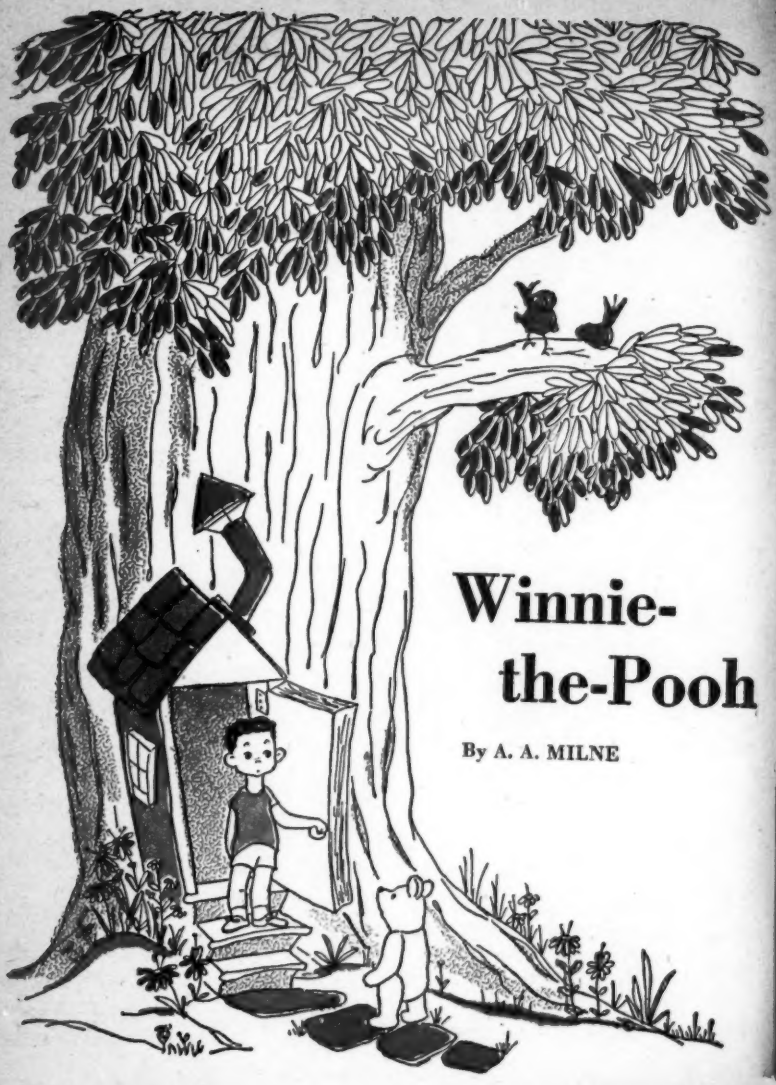
By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall rise.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses"



Winnie-the-Pooh

By A. A. MILNE

Winnie-the-Pooh is Christopher Robin's little toy bear who, as you shall see, is not the smartest little bear in the world

A. A. Milne has written many adult plays and novels, but he is best known and loved for the stories and poems he wrote for his young son, Christopher Robin. Last issue we introduced you to his poetry with "If I Were King." This story is the first chapter of his most famous book, "Winnie-the-Pooh," copyright 1926 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

IN which we are introduced to Winnie-the-Pooh and some bees, and the stories begin.

Here is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now, bump, bump, bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin. It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels that there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it. And then he feels that perhaps there isn't. Anyhow, here he is at the bottom, and ready to be introduced to you. Winnie-the-Pooh.

When I first heard his name, I said, just as you are going to say, "But I thought he was a boy?"

"So did I," said Christopher Robin.

"Then you can't call him Winnie?"

"I don't."

"But you said —"

"He's Winnie-ther-Pooh. Don't you know what '*ther*' means?"

"Ah, yes, now I do," I said quickly; and I hope you do too, because it is all the explanation you are going to get.

Sometimes Winnie-the-Pooh likes a game of some sort when he comes downstairs, and sometimes he likes to sit quietly in front of the fire and listen to a story. This evening —

"What about a story?" said Christopher Robin.

"*What* about a story?" I said.

"Could you very sweetly tell Winnie-the-Pooh one?"

"I suppose I could," I said. "What sort of stories does he like?"

"About himself. Because he's *that* sort of Bear."

"Oh, I see."

"So could you very sweetly?"

"I'll try," I said.

So I tried.

* * *

Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-the-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders.

(*"What does 'under the name' mean?" asked Christopher Robin.*

"It means he had the name over the door in gold letters, and lived under it."

"Winnie-the-Pooh wasn't quite sure," said Christopher.

"Now I am," said a growly voice.

"Then I will go on," said I.)

One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree, and, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing-noise.

Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws and began to think.

First of all he said to himself: "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzing and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that *I* know of is because you're a bee."

Then he thought another long time, and said: "And the only reason for being a bee that I know of is making honey."

And then he got up, and said: "And the only reason for making honey is so as *I* can eat it." So he began to climb the tree.

He climbed and he climbed and he climbed, and as he climbed he sang a little song to himself. It went like this:

Isn't it funny
How a bear likes honey?
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
I wonder why he does?

Then he climbed a little further . . . and a little further . . . and then just a little further. By that time he had thought of another song.

It's a very funny thought that,
if Bears were Bees,
They'd build their nests at the
bottom of trees.
And that being so (if the Bees
were Bears),
We shouldn't have to climb up
all these stairs.

He was getting rather tired by this time, so that is why he sang a Complaining Song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch . . .

Crack!

"Oh, help!" said Pooh, as he dropped ten feet on the branch below him.

"If only I hadn't —" he said, as he bounced twenty feet to the next branch.

"You see, what I *meant* to do," he explained, as he turned head-over-heels, and crashed onto another branch thirty feet below, "what I *meant* to do —"

"Of course, it was rather —"

he admitted, as he slithered very quickly through the next six branches.

"It all comes, I suppose," he decided, as he said good-bye to the last branch, spun round three times, and flew gracefully into a gorse-bush, "it all comes of *liking* honey so much. Oh, help!"

He crawled out of the gorse-bush, brushed the prickles from his nose, and began to think again. And the first person he thought of was Christopher Robin.

(*"Was that me?" said Christopher Robin in an awed voice, hardly daring to believe it.*

"That was you."

Christopher Robin said nothing, but his eyes got larger and larger, and his face got pinker and pinker.)

So Winnie-the-Pooh went round to his friend Christopher Robin, who lived behind a green door in another part of the forest.

"Good morning, Christopher Robin," he said.

"Good morning, Winnie-*ther*-Pooh," said you.

"I wonder if you've got such a thing as a balloon about you?"

"A balloon?"

"Yes, I just said to myself coming along: 'I wonder if Christopher Robin has such a thing as a balloon about him?' I just said it to myself, thinking of balloons, and wondering."

"What do you want a balloon

How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!
Every little cloud
Always *sings aloud.*

for?" you said.

Winnie-the-Pooh looked round to see that nobody was listening, put his paw to his mouth, and said in a deep whisper: "*Honey!*"

"But you don't get honey with balloons!"

"*I* do," said Pooh.

Well, it just happened that you had been to a party the day before at the house of your friend Piglet, and you had balloons at the party. You had had a big green balloon; and one of Rabbit's relations had had a big blue one, and had left it behind, being really too young to go to a party at all; and so you had brought the green one and the blue one home with you.

"Which one would you like?" you asked Pooh.

He put his head between his paws and thought very carefully.

"It's like this," he said. "When you go after honey with a balloon, the great thing is not to let the bees know you're coming. Now, if you have a green balloon they might think you are only part of the tree, and not notice you, and if you have a blue balloon, they might think you were only part of the sky, and not notice you, and the question is: Which is most likely?"

"Wouldn't they notice *you* underneath the balloon?" you asked.

"They might or they might not," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "You never can tell with bees." He thought for a moment and said: "I shall try to look like a small black cloud. That will deceive them."

"Then you had better have the blue balloon," you said; and so it was decided.

Well, you both went out with the blue balloon, and you took your gun with you, just in case, as you always did, and Winnie-the-Pooh went to a very muddy place that he knew of, and rolled and rolled until he was black all over; and then, when the balloon was blown up as big as big, and you and Pooh were both holding on to the string, you let go suddenly, and Pooh Bear floated gracefully up into the sky, and stayed there — level with the top of the tree and about twenty feet away from it.

"Hooray!" you shouted.

"Isn't that fine?" shouted Winnie-the-Pooh down to you. "What do I look like?"

"You look like a bear holding on to a balloon," you said.

"Not," said Pooh anxiously, "— not like a small black cloud in a blue sky?"

"Not very much."

"Ah, well, perhaps from up here it looks different. And, as I say, you never can tell with bees."

There was no wind to blow him nearer to the tree, so there he stayed. He could see the honey, he could smell the honey, but he couldn't quite reach the honey.

After a little while he called down to you.

"Christopher Robin!" he said in a loud whisper.

"Hallo!"

"I think the bees *suspect* something!"

"What sort of thing?"

"I don't know. But something tells me that they're *suspicious!*"

"Perhaps they think you're after their honey."

"It may be that. You never can tell with bees."

There was another little silence,

You walked up and down with your umbrella.

and then he called down to you again.

"Christopher Robin!"

"Yes?"

"Have you an umbrella in your house?"

"I think so."

"I wish you would bring it out here, and walk up and down with it, and look up at me every now and then, and say, 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain.' I think, if you did that, it would help the deception which we are practising on these bees."

Well, you laughed to yourself, "Silly old Bear!" but you didn't say it aloud because you were so fond of him, and you went home for your umbrella.

"Oh, there you are!" called down Winnie-the-Pooh, as soon as you got back to the tree. "I was beginning to get anxious. I have discovered that the bees are now definitely suspicious."

"Shall I put my umbrella up?" you said.

"Yes, but in a moment. We must be practical. The important bee to deceive is the Queen Bee. Can you see which is the Queen Bee from down there?"

"No."

"A pity. Well, now, if you walk up and down with your umbrella, saying, 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain,' I shall do what I can by singing a little Cloud Song, such as a cloud might sing . . . Go!"

So, while you walked up and down and wondered if it would rain, Winnie-the-Pooh sang this song:

How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!
Every little cloud

Always sings aloud.

The bees were still buzzing as suspiciously as ever. Some of them indeed, left their nests and flew round the cloud as it began the second verse of this song, and one bee sat down on the nose of the cloud for a moment, and then got up again.

"Christopher — *ow!* — Robin," called out the cloud.

"Yes?"

"I have just been thinking, and I have come to a very important decision. *These are the wrong sort of bees.*"

"Are they?"

"Quite the wrong sort. So I should think they would make the wrong sort of honey, shouldn't you?"

"Would they?"

"Yes. So I think I shall come down."

"How?" asked you.

Winnie-the-Pooh hadn't thought about this. If he let go of the string, he would fall — *bump* — and he didn't like the idea of that. So he thought for a long time, and then he said:

"Christopher Robin, you must shoot the balloon with your gun. Have you got your gun?"

"Of course I have," you said. "But if I do that, it will spoil the balloon," you said.

"But if you *don't*" said Pooh, "I shall have to let go, and that would spoil *me.*"

When he put it like this, you saw how it was, and you aimed very carefully at the balloon, and fired.

"*Ow!*" said Pooh.

"Did I miss?" you asked.

"You didn't exactly *miss*," said Pooh, "but you missed the *balloon.*"

"I'm so sorry," you said, and you fired again, and this time you hit the balloon, and the air came slowly out, and Winnie-the-Pooh floated down to the ground.

But his arms were so stiff from holding on to the string of the balloon all that time that they stayed up straight in the air for more than a week, and whenever a fly came and settled on his nose he had to blow it off. And I think — but I am not sure — that *that* is why he was always called Pooh.

* * *

"Is that the end of the story?" asked Christopher Robin.

"That's the end of that one. There are others."

"About Pooh and me?"

"And Piglet and Rabbit and all of you. Don't you remember?"

"I do remember," he said, "only Pooh doesn't very well, so that's why he likes having it told to him again. Because then it's a real story and not just a remembering."

"That's just how *I* feel," I said.

Christopher Robin gave a deep sigh, picked his Bear up by the leg, and walked off to the door, trailing Pooh behind him. At the door he turned and said, "Coming to see me have my bath?"

"I might," I said.

"I didn't hurt him when I shot him, did I?"

"Not a bit."

He nodded and went out, and in a moment I heard Winnie-the-the-Pooh — *bump, bump, bump* — going up the stairs behind him.

Why Doesn't the Earth Stop Turning?

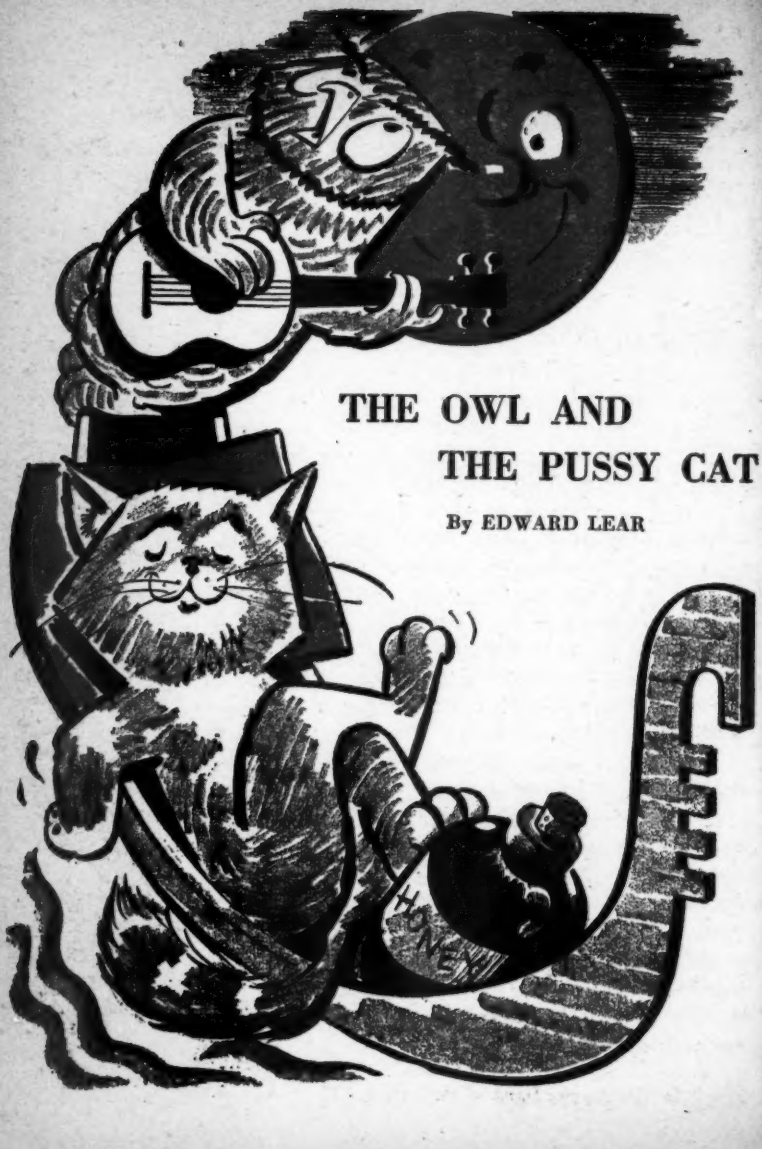
By JEROME MEYER

From "Picture Book of Astronomy." Copyright 1945 by Lothrop, Lee & Shephard Co.

EVERYTHING that you see around you that moves will stop moving unless you do something to keep it moving. A clock will run down if you don't wind it — and it will stop going. Your bicycle will stop unless you keep pressing on the pedals. Nothing will keep on going by itself. Why, then, does the earth keep on going by itself?

Things stop moving because they touch other things, and it is this touching and rubbing and rolling that makes them stop. When you go roller skating and start to coast you find that, little by little, you slow up and finally stop altogether. This is because your skates are rolling on the ground and it is the rolling that slows you up and stops you. The same is true when you ride a bicycle or go somewhere in an automobile. The wheels are always touching the ground and rolling on it. This touching and rubbing and rolling is called friction. And it is friction that keeps things on the earth from going forever.

Now the earth has nothing to rub against or roll on. It can't rub against itself and it can't roll on itself. We don't really know what started the earth moving millions of years ago but we do know that it will keep on moving for millions of years more unless something stops it — and we can't see anything anywhere to stop it within the next million years. You can't stop it. Nobody can stop it — and it can't stop itself because it can't rub against anything or roll on anything. So it keeps on turning and turning and turning, because nothing stops it.



THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

By EDWARD LEAR

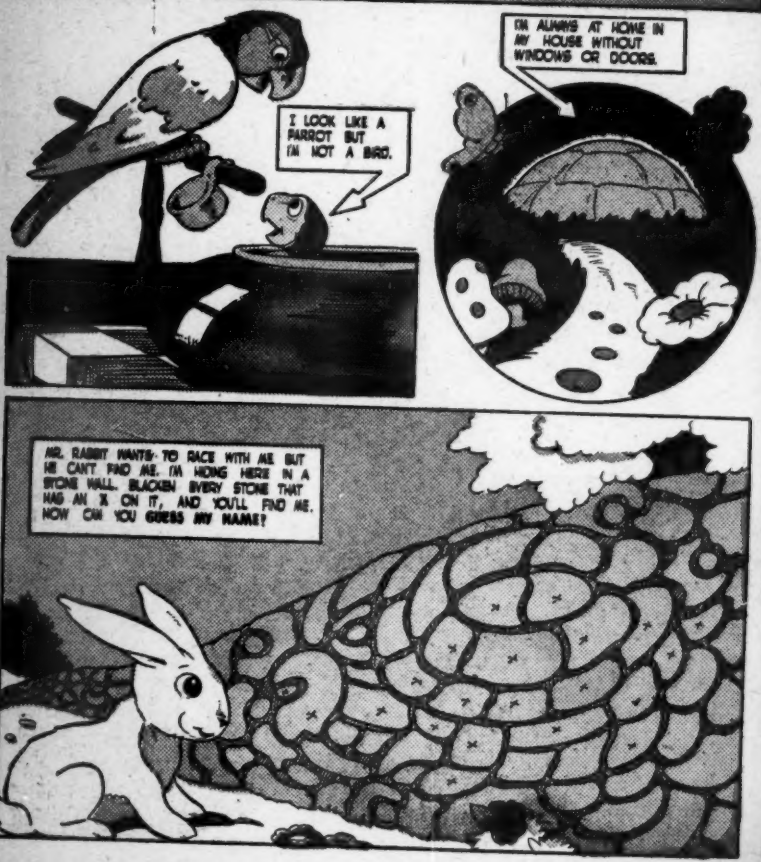
THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are, —
You are, you are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

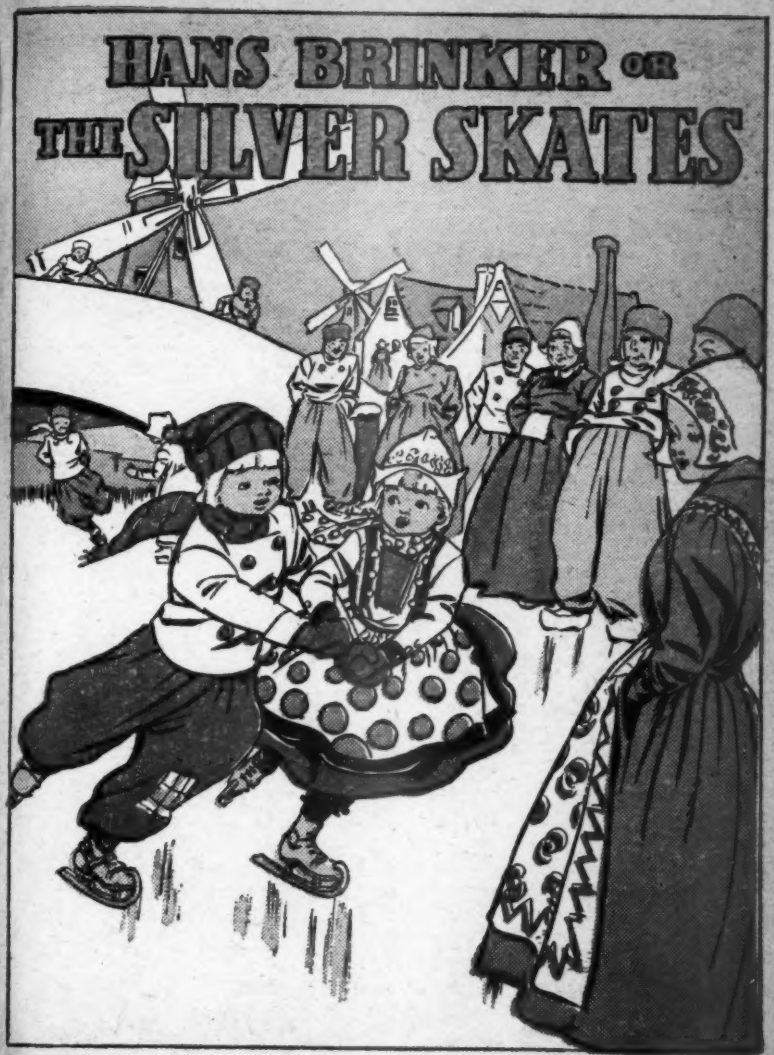
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married, — too long we have tarried, —
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose, —
His nose, his nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

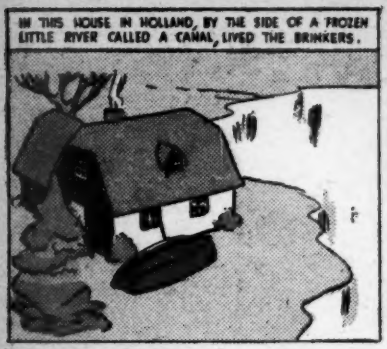
"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

BE A DETECTIVE! FOLLOW THE CLUES AND

GUESS MY NAME


I LOOK LIKE A PARROT BUT I'M NOT A BIRD.
I'M ALWAYS AT HOME IN MY HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS OR DOORS.
MR. RABBIT WANTS TO RACE WITH ME BUT HE CAN'T FIND ME. I'M HIDING HERE IN A STONE WALL. BLACKEN EVERY STONE THAT HAS AN X ON IT, AND YOU'LL FIND ME. NOW CAN YOU GUESS MY NAME?


HANS BRINKER OR
THE SILVER SKATES


IN THIS HOUSE IN HOLLAND, BY THE SIDE OF A FROZEN LITTLE RIVER CALLED A CANAL, LIVED THE BRINKERS.

THIS IS MRS. BRINKER AND HER HUSBAND, RAFF, WHO HAS BEEN SICK MANY YEARS AND UNABLE TO WORK.

HANS BRINKER AND HIS LITTLE SISTER, GRETEL, SKATED WHEREVER THEY WANTED TO GO ON THEIR WOODEN SKATES. YOU SEE THE BRINKERS WERE TOO POOR TO BE ABLE TO BUY STEEL SKATES.

I WONDER WHY ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE SO EXCITED! LOOK AT THEM GATHER AROUND HILDA.
LET'S SKATE OVER AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.

OH, HANS AND GRETEL. HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?
WHAT IS IT, HILDA?

A PAIR OF SILVER SKATES IS TO BE GIVEN TO THE BOY WHO WINS A SPECIAL RACE, AND ANOTHER PAIR OF SILVER SKATES TO THE SWIFTEST GIRL!
OF COURSE, HILDA, WE'D LOVE TO ENTER THE RACE—BUT WE WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE ON THESE WOODEN SKATES.
HUMPH! SO THEY ARE EVEN ASKING THE BRINKERS—RAG PICKERS—TO ENTER THE RACE!
HE CALLED US RAG-PICKERS!
DON'T YOU CRY, LITTLE GRETEL!
NO, DON'T CRY, GRETEL—BECAUSE I HAVE A WONDERFUL IDEA!
I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE ONE OF THOSE PRETTY CHAINS YOU CARVE, HANS.
YOU MEAN YOU'LL BUY ONE FROM ME?
OH, HANS—NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUY A PAIR OF STEEL SKATES!
NO—FOR YOU, GRETEL!
NOW YOU CAN ENTER THE RACE.

OH, HANS, IT WAS WONDERFUL OF YOU TO LET ME HAVE THE NEW SKATES, BUT—
WAIT! I HEAR SOME ONE CALLING— IT'S MOTHER!
OH HANS! YOUR FATHER HAS A FEVER. I FEAR THAT HE IS VERY SICK!
I WILL GO AND FETCH DR. BOEKMAN. THEY SAY HE'S THE GREATEST DOCTOR IN HOLLAND.
AND OFF SKATED HANS TO FIND THE GREAT DOCTOR WHO MIGHT CURE HIS SICK FATHER.
DR. BOEKMAN, EH? YES, HE SKATES BY THIS WAY EACH MORNING — BUT HE'S NOT THE SORT OF MAN WHO WOULD TALK TO A POOR LITTLE BOY LIKE YOU.
THERE'S THE DOCTOR NOW. BUT BEWARE OF HIS TEMPER, YOUNG MAN!
DOCTOR, PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR ASKING A FAVOR—
HUMPH! I HAVE NO MONEY FOR BEGGARS!
HERE ARE SOME PENNIES I'VE SAVED, SIR. IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT...
AND HANS TOLD THE DOCTOR THE STORY OF HIS FATHER... HOW FOR TEN YEARS HE HAD BEEN SICK, UNABLE TO REMEMBER ANYTHING OR RECOGNIZE, EVEN HIS OWN WIFE AND CHILDREN!

WHEN HANS HAD FINISHED HIS STORY, THE DOCTOR SAID...
KEEP YOUR PENNIES, LAD. I'LL COME AND VISIT YOUR FATHER SOON!

HANS' SPIRITS WERE HIGH BECAUSE OF THE DOCTOR'S PROMISE... AND WHEN HE MET HIS FRIEND, PETER, HE FELT EVEN BETTER.
HELLO, HANS. I HEARD ABOUT THE WONDERFUL CHAIN YOU CARVED FOR HILDA. I WOULD LIKE TO BUY ONE FOR MY SISTER, TOO!
OH THANK YOU, PETER! AND WITH THE MONEY I MAKE, I SHALL BE ABLE TO BUY STEEL SKATES AND ENTER THE RACE FOR THE SILVER SKATES!

AND A FEW DAYS LATER, HANS AND HIS LITTLE SISTER COULD HARDLY WAIT UNTIL THEY STRAPPED ON THEIR NEW SKATES—STEEL SKATES!
OH, HANS! I'M SO EXCITED! IT WILL BE FLOATING ON AIR TO GLIDE ON REAL SKATES!
BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T FALL, LITTLE SISTER!

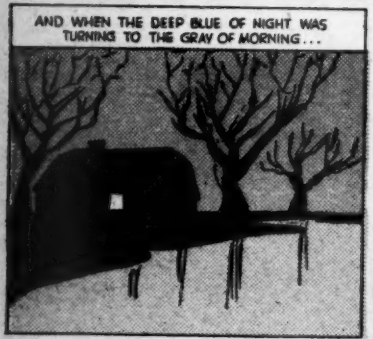
LOOK AT THE LITTLE RAG-PICKERS WHO THINK THEY CAN SKATE!
THINK THEY CAN SKATE? WHY THEY SKATE LIKE THE WIND!

I DO WISH THE DOCTOR WOULD COME. YOUR FATHER IS GETTING SICKER, AND WE HAVE NO MONEY.
ISN'T IT TOO BAD THAT FATHER CANNOT REMEMBER WHERE HE BURIED THE THOUSAND GOLD PIECES BEFORE HE BECAME SICK!

AH, YES, BUT THE THOUSAND GOLD PIECES HAVE BEEN LOST THESE TEN YEARS. AND EVEN IF YOUR FATHER RECOVERS, HE MAY NOT REMEMBER WHERE IT IS.

MOTHER! MOTHER! THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE, AND HE'S CARRYING A BLACK BAG, AND—
WHY IT'S DR. BOEKMAN COME TO CURE FATHER JUST AS HE SAID HE WOULD!

SO THIS IS THE SICK MAN, EH? LET ME SEE NOW...
OH I PRAY HE CAN CURE YOUR POOR SICK FATHER.


AND WHEN THE DEEP BLUE OF NIGHT WAS TURNING TO THE GRAY OF MORNING...

THE SICK MAN OPENED HIS EYES, LOOKED ABOUT HIM, AS THOUGH SEEING THE ROOM AND HIS FAMILY FOR THE FIRST TIME...
HELLO, MOTHER. HOW ARE THE BABIES?
PRAISE GOD! MY POOR HUSBAND NOW RECOGNIZES ME. HE IS CURED!

MY GOOD HUSBAND. YOU HAVE BEEN PRETTY SICK FOR TEN YEARS—AND YOUR BABIES HAVE NOW GROWN TALL AND STRONG!
T-TEN YEARS! BUT IT IS WONDERFUL TO BE BACK WITH YOU!

AH, MY CHILDREN. FOR TEN YEARS YOU HAVE BEEN WITHOUT A FATHER. I HAVE MUCH TO MAKE UP TO YOU!

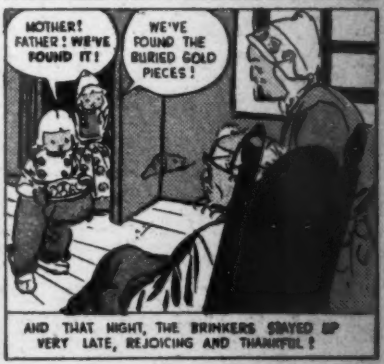
AND CAN YOU REMEMBER, MY HUSBAND, WHERE YOU BURIED THE GOLD TEN LONG YEARS AGO?
G-GOLD... TEN YEARS AGO... LET ME THINK... IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER...

WHY YES—I REMEMBER! I BURIED IT BENEATH THE WILLOW TREE!
HOORAY! LET US DIG FOR IT RIGHT NOW!

WE'VE DUG AND DUG AND DUG—BUT I CANNOT FIND THE POT OF GOLD!
AND THIS IS THE WILLOW TREE!

I JUST REMEMBERED! FATHER MUST MEAN THIS OLD WILLOW TREE!
HANS, YOU'RE RIGHT! THE WILLOW WHERE WE'VE BEEN DIGGING WAS JUST A TINY TREE WHEN FATHER BURIED THE GOLD TEN YEARS AGO!

AND HANS AND GRETEL DUG AND DUG, UNTIL...
DID YOU HEAR THAT, GRETEL?
OH DIG FASTER, HANS, FASTER!
CLUNK!

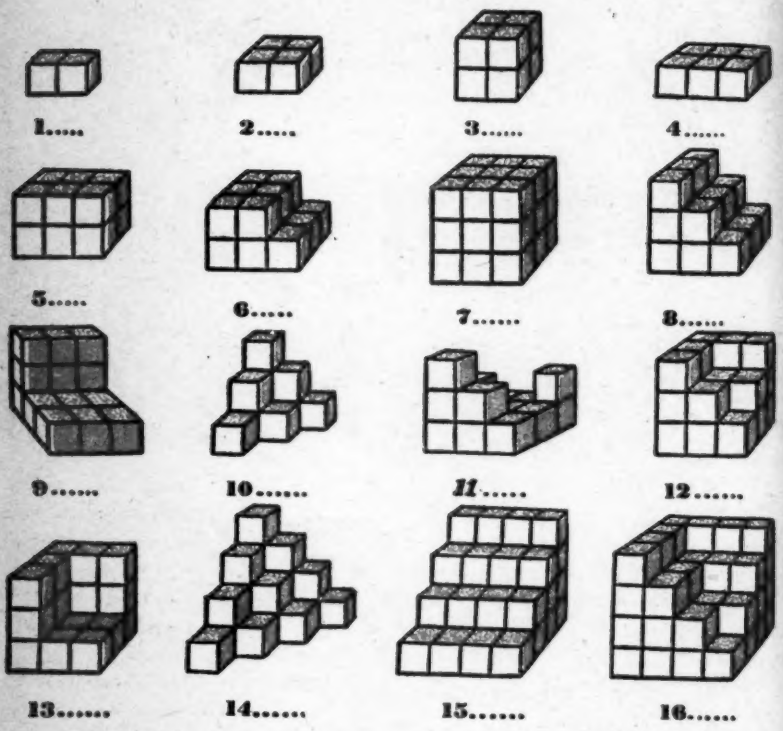

MOTHER! FATHER! WE'VE FOUND IT!
WE'VE FOUND THE BURIED GOLD PIECES!
AND THAT NIGHT, THE BRINKERS STAYED UP VERY LATE, REJOICING AND THANKFUL!

THEN CAME THE DAY OF THE GREAT RACE FOR THE SILVER SKATES. FIRST THE GIRLS WERE TO RACE. ALMOST EVERYBODY IN THE CITY CAME TO THE FROZEN DYKE TO SEE THE EXCITING CONTEST.
WHEN THE HANDKERCHIEF IS DROPPED, THE BUGLER WILL BLOW THE SIGNAL TO START THE RACE. ON YOUR MARKS, GIRLS!
OH, HANS! I'M SO FRIGHTENED!
NONSENSE, LITTLE GRETEL. YOU ARE BY FAR THE SWIFTEST SKATER IN HOLLAND!
THE BUGLER BLOWS THE STARTING SIGNAL, AND THE RACE IS ON!
LITTLE GRETEL SKATES LIKE THE WIND, BUT HER LEGS ARE SHORTER THAN THE OTHER GIRLS'.
COME ON, GRETEL, PASS THE OTHERS!
SHE IS GAINING ON THE OTHERS!
GRETEL BRINKER WINS!

AND TO THE SWIFTEST GIRL, GRETEL BRINKER, I GIVE THE SILVER SKATES!
OH THANK YOU! THANK YOU SO MUCH!
AND NOW THE BOYS RACE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...
WHAT IS IT, PETER?
MY STRAP BROKE— AND NOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO RACE!
TAKE MY STRAP, PETER, PLEASE! YOU HAVE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND WHEN I HAD NO OTHER FRIENDS. PLEASE, PETER, THEY ARE READY TO START!
YOU ARE A TRUE FRIEND, HANS— AND I SHALL WIN THE RACE FOR YOU!
SKATING LIKE THE WIND, WANTING TO WIN FOR HIMSELF AND HIS FINE FRIEND, HANS BRINKER, PETER RACED TO VICTORY!
THE BRINKER'S AND THEIR FRIENDS WERE FILLED WITH JOY, FOR NOW THE BRINKERS HAD THEIR DEAR FATHER BACK, GRETEL HAD WON THE SILVER SKATES, AND HANS HAD PROVEN HIMSELF A FAITHFUL FRIEND!
BASED UPON THE STORY BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

Blockheads—Wanted!

Can you count the boxes in each group?



Write your answers under each picture

Answers on page 129

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Sing a song o' sixpence, a handful of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the King?

SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE

By L. FRANK BAUM *Author of "Wizard of Oz"*

Digested from "Mother Goose in Prose," published by Bobbs-Merrill.

IF YOU have never heard the legend of Gilligren and the King's pie you will scarcely understand the above verse; so I will tell you the whole story, and then you will be able to better appreciate the rhyme.

Gilligren was an orphan, and lived with an uncle and aunt who were very unkind to him. They cuffed him and scolded him upon the slightest provocation, and made his life very miserable indeed. Gilligren never rebelled against this treatment, but bore their cruelty silently and with patience, although often he longed to leave them and seek a home amongst kinder people.

One evening he said to his uncle, "If I had sixpence I could make my fortune."

"Pooh! nonsense!" exclaimed his uncle, "a sixpence is a small thing. How then could you make a fortune from it?"

"That I cannot tell you," replied Gilligren, "but if you will give me the sixpence I will go to London, and not return until I

am a rich man."

"The boy is a fool!" said his uncle, with anger; but the aunt spoke up quickly.

"Give him the money and let him go," she said, "and then we shall be well rid of him and no longer be obliged to feed and clothe him at our expense."

"Well," said her husband, after a moment's thought, "here is the money; but remember, this is all I shall ever give you, and when it is gone you must not come to me for more."

"Never fear," replied Gilligren, joyfully, as he put the sixpence in his pocket, "I shall not trouble you again."

The next morning he cut a short stick to assist him in walking, and after bidding good-bye to his uncle and aunt he started upon his journey to London.

"The money will not last him two days," said the man, as he watched Gilligren go down the turnpike road, "and when it is gone he will starve to death."

"Or he may fall in with people who will treat him worse than we did," rejoined the woman, "and then he'll wish he had never left us."

But Gilligren, nothing dismayed by thoughts of the future, trudged bravely along the London road.

Toward evening he met a farmer with a wagon loaded with sacks of grain.

"Where are you going, my lad?" asked the man.

"To London," replied Gilligren, "to see the King crowned."

"Have you any money?" enquired the farmer.

"Oh yes," answered Gilligren, "I have a sixpence."

"If you will give me the sixpence," said the man, "I will give you a sack of rye for it."

"What could I do with a sack of rye?" asked Gilligren, wonderingly.

"Take it to the mill, and get it ground into flour. With the flour you could have bread baked, and that you can sell."

"That is a good idea," replied Gilligren, "so here is my sixpence, and now give me the sack of rye."

The farmer put the sixpence carefully into his pocket, and then reached under the seat of the wagon and drew out a sack, which he cast on the ground at the boy's feet.

"There is your sack of rye," he said, with a laugh.

"But the sack is empty!" remonstrated Gilligren.

"Oh, no; there is some rye in it."

"But only a handful!" said Gilligren, when he had opened

the mouth of the sack and gazed within it.

"It is a sack of rye, nevertheless," replied the wicked farmer, "and I did not say how much rye there would be in the sack I would give you. Let this be a lesson to you never again to buy grain without looking into the sack!" and with that he whipped up his horses and left Gilligren standing in the road with the sack at his feet and nearly ready to cry at his loss.

"My sixpence is gone," he said to himself, "and I have received nothing in exchange but a handful of rye! How can I make my fortune with that?"

He did not despair, however, but picked up the sack and continued his way along the dusty road. Soon it became too dark to travel farther, and Gilligren stepped aside into a meadow, where, lying down upon the sweet grass, he rolled the sack into a pillow for his head and prepared to sleep.

The rye that was within the sack, however, hurt his head, and he sat up and opened the sack.

"Why should I keep a handful of rye?" he thought, "it will be of no value to me at all."

So he threw out the rye upon the ground, and rolling up the sack again for a pillow, was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly over his head and the twitter and chirping of many birds fell upon his ears. Gilligren opened his eyes and saw a large flock of blackbirds feeding upon the rye he had scattered upon the ground. So intent were they upon their feats they never noticed Gilligren at all.

He carefully unfolded the sack, and spreading wide its opening threw it quickly over the flock of blackbirds. Some escaped and flew away, but a great many were caught, and Gilligren put his eye in the sack and found he had captured four and twenty. He tied the mouth of the sack with a piece of twine that was in his pocket, and then threw the sack over his shoulder and began again his journey to London.

"I have made a good exchange, after all," he thought, "for surely four and twenty blackbirds are worth more than a handful of rye, and perhaps even more than a sixpence, if I can find anyone who wishes to buy them."

He now walked rapidly forward, and about noon entered the great city of London.

Gilligren wandered about the streets until he came to the King's palace, where there was a great concourse of people and many guards to keep intruders from the gates.

Seeing he could not enter from the front, the boy walked around to the rear of the palace and found himself near the royal kitchen, where the cooks and other servants were rushing around to hasten the preparation of the King's dinner.

Gilligren sat down upon a stone where he could watch them, and laying the sack at his feet was soon deeply interested in a strange sight.

Presently a servant in the King's livery saw him and came to his side.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, roughly.

"I am waiting to see the King," replied Gilligren.

"The King! The King never comes here," said the servant; "and neither do we allow idlers about the royal kitchen. So depart at once, or I shall be forced to call a guard to arrest you."

Gilligren arose obediently and slung his sack over his shoulder. As he did so the birds that were within began to flutter.

"What have you in the sack?" asked the servant.

"Blackbirds," replied Gilligren.

"Blackbirds!" echoed the servant, in surprise. "Well, that is very fortunate indeed. Come with me at once!" He seized the boy by the arm and drew him hastily along until they entered the great kitchen of the palace.

"Here, Mister Baker!" the man called, excitedly, "I have found your blackbirds!"

A big, fat man who was standing in the middle of the kitchen with folded arms and a look of despair upon his round, greasy face, at once came toward them eagerly.

"The blackbirds? Are you sure you can get them?"

"They are here already; the boy has a bag full of them."

"Give them to me," said the cook, who wore a square cap, that was shaped like a box, upon his head.

"What do you want with them?" asked Gilligren.

"I want them for a pie for the King's dinner," answered Mister Baker; "His Majesty ordered the dish, and I have hunted all over London for the blackbirds, but could not find them. Now that you have brought them, however, you have saved me my position as cook, and perhaps my head as well."

"But it would be cruel to put the beautiful birds in a pie," remonstrated Gilligren, "and I shall not give them to you for such a purpose."

"Nonsense!" replied the cook, "the King has ordered it; he is very fond of the dish."

"Still, you cannot have them,"

declared the boy stoutly, "the birds are mine, and I will not have them killed."

"But what can I do?" asked the cook, in perplexity; "the King has ordered a blackbird pie, and your birds are the only blackbirds in London."

Gilligren thought deeply for a moment, and conceived what he thought to be a very good idea. If the sixpence was to make his fortune, then this was his great opportunity.

"You can have the blackbirds on two conditions," he said.

"What are they?" asked the cook.

"One is that you will not kill the birds. The other condition is that you secure me a position in the King's household."

"How can I put live birds in a pie?" enquired the cook.

"Very easily, if you make the pie big enough to hold them. You can serve the pie after the King has satisfied his hunger with other dishes, and it will amuse the company to find live birds in the pie when they expected cooked ones."

The crust fell in and the blackbirds flew out.

"It is a risky experiment," exclaimed the cook, "for I do not know the new King's temper. But the idea may please His Majesty, and since you will not allow me to kill the birds, it is the best thing I can do. As for your other condition, you seem to be a very bright boy, and so I will have the butler take you as his page, and you shall stand back of the King's chair and keep the flies away while he eats."

When the dinner was served, the King kept looking for the blackbird pie, but he said nothing, and at last the pie was placed before him, its crust looking light and brown, and sprigs of myrtle were stuck in the four corners to make it look more inviting.

Although the King had already eaten heartily, he smacked his lips when he saw this tempting dish, and picking up the carving-fork he pushed it into the pie.

At once the crust fell in, and all the four and twenty blackbirds put up their heads and began to look about them. And coming from the blackness of the pie into the brilliantly lighted room they thought they were in the sunshine, and began to sing merrily, while some of the boldest hopped out upon the table or began flying around the room.

At first the good King was greatly surprised; but soon, appreciating the jest, he lay back in his chair and laughed long and merrily. And his courtiers and the fine ladies present heartily joined in the laughter, for they also were greatly amused.

Then the King called for the cook, and when Mister Baker appeared, uncertain of his reception, and filled with many misgivings, His Majesty cried, "Sirrah! How came you to think of putting live birds in the pie?"

The cook, fearing that the King was angry, answered, "May it please your Majesty, it was not my thought, but the idea of the boy who stands behind your chair."

The King turned his head, and seeing Gilligren, who looked very well in his new livery, he said, "You are a clever youth, and deserve a better position than that of a butler's lad. Hereafter you shall be one of my own pages, and if you serve me faithfully I will advance your fortunes."

And Gilligren did serve the King faithfully, and as he grew older acquired much honor and great wealth.

"After all," he used to say, "that sixpence made my fortune. And it all came through such a small thing as a handful of rye!"

How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin

Except for his bad manners the Rhinoceros might still have a nice smooth skin

By RUDYARD KIPLING

If you liked "How the Camel Got His Hump" in the last issue, here is another from the same book, "Just So Stories," published by Doubleday & Co., Inc. Copyright 1902, 1907.

ONCE upon a time, on an uninhabited island on the shores of the Red Sea, there lived a Parsee. And the Parsee lived by the Red Sea with nothing but his hat and his knife and a cooking stove of the kind that you must particularly never touch. And

one day he took flour and water and currants and plums and sugar and things, and made himself one cake which was two feet across and three feet thick. It was indeed a Superior Comestible (*that's* magic), and he put it on the stove because *he* was allowed to cook on that stove, and he baked it and he baked it till it was all done brown and smelt most sentimental. But just as he was going to eat it there came down to the beach from the Altogether Uninhabited Interior one Rhinoceros with a horn on his nose, two piggy eyes, and few manners. In those days the Rhinoceros's skin fitted him quite tight. There were no wrinkles in it anywhere. He looked exactly like a Noah's Ark Rhinoceros, but of course much bigger. All the same, he had no manners then, and he has no manners now, and he never will have any manners. He said, "How!" and the Parsee left the cake and climbed to the top of a palm tree with nothing on but his hat. And the Rhinoceros upset the oil-stove with his nose, and the cake rolled on the sand, and he spiked that cake on the horn of his nose, and he ate it, and he went away, waving his tail, to the desolate and Exclusively Uninhabited Interior which abuts on the islands of Mazanderan, Socotra, and the Promontories of the Larger Equinox. Then the Parsee came down from his palm-tree and put the stove on its legs and recited the following *Sloka*, which, as you have not heard, I will now proceed to relate:

Them that takes cakes
Which the Parsee-man bakes
Makes dreadful mistakes.

And there was a great deal more in that than you would think.

Because, five weeks later, there was a heat-wave in the Red Sea, and everybody took off all the clothes they had. The Parsee took off his hat; but the Rhinoceros took off his skin and carried it over his shoulder as he came down to the beach to bathe. In those days it buttoned underneath with three buttons and looked like a raincoat. He said nothing whatever about the Parsee's cake because he had eaten it all; and he never had any manners, then, since, or henceforward. He wad-

He rubbed the skin full of old, dry, tickly cake crumbs.

dled straight into the water and blew bubbles through his nose, leaving his skin on the beach.

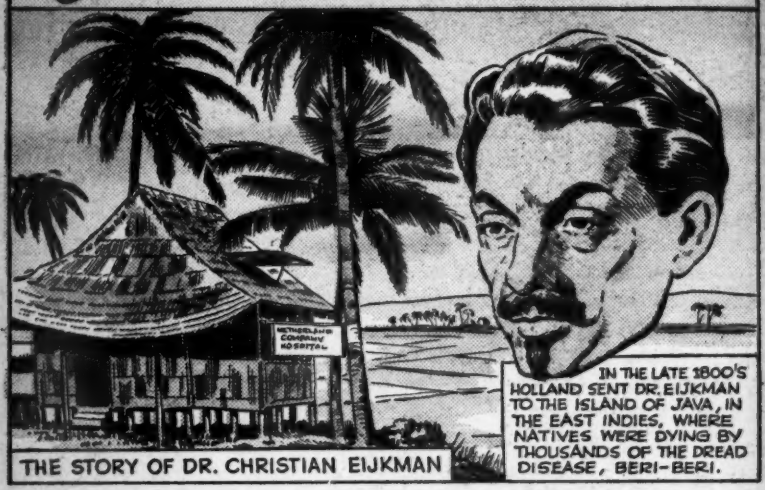
Presently the Parsee came by and found the skin, and he smiled one smile that ran all round his face two times. Then he danced three times round the skin and rubbed his hands. Then he went to his camp and filled his hat with cake-crumbs, for the Parsee never ate anything but cake, and never swept his camp. He took that skin, and he shook that skin, and he scrubbed that skin, and he rubbed that skin just as full of old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs and some burned currants as ever it could *possibly* hold. Then he climbed to the top of his palm-tree and waited for the Rhinoceros to come out of the water and put it on.

And the Rhinoceros did. He buttoned it up with the three buttons, and it tickled like cake-crumbs in bed. Then he wanted to scratch, but that made it worse; and then he lay down on the sands and rolled and rolled and rolled, and every time he rolled the cake-crumbs tickled him worse and worse and worse. Then he ran to the palm-tree and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed himself against it. He rubbed so much and so hard that he rubbed his skin into a great fold over his shoulders, and another fold underneath, where the buttons used to be (but he rubbed the buttons off), and he rubbed some more folds over his legs. And it spoiled his temper, but it didn't make the least difference to the cake-crumbs. They were inside his skin and they tickled. So he went home, very angry indeed and horribly scratchy; and from that day to this every rhinoceros has great folds in his skin and a very bad temper, all on account of the cake-crumbs inside.

From that day to this, every rhinoceros has great folds in his skin, and an ugly temper.

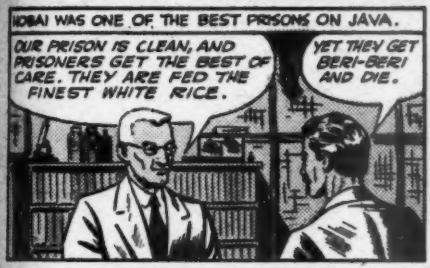
But the Parsee came down from his palm-tree, wearing his hat, packed up his cooking-stove, and went away in the direction of Orotavo, Amygdala, the Upland Meadows of Anantarivo and the Marshes of Sonaput.

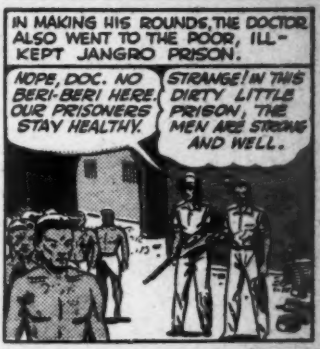
Great Heroes of SCIENCE

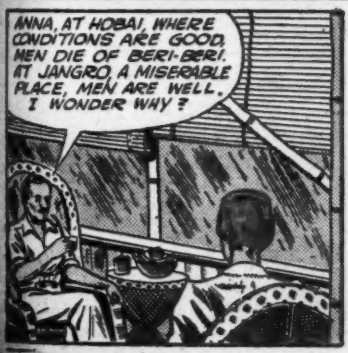

THE STORY OF DR. CHRISTIAN EIJKMAN
IN THE LATE 1800'S HOLLAND SENT DR. EIJKMAN TO THE ISLAND OF JAVA, IN THE EAST INDIES, WHERE NATIVES WERE DYING BY THOUSANDS OF THE DREAD DISEASE, BERI-BERI.
GREETINGS, DR. EIJKMAN. SO MANY PEOPLE ARE SICK. WE NEED YOU HERE.
I WILL TRY TO HELP. THIS IS MY SISTER, ANNA. SHE IS TO KEEP HOUSE FOR ME HERE.
NO WONDER THESE POOR PEOPLE GET SICK—HAVING TO LIVE UNDER THESE CONDITIONS!
BERI-BERI STRIKES THEM DOWN LIKE FLIES. I MUST FIND OUT WHAT CAUSES IT.

WHEN THEY REACHED THE HOSPITAL...
HOT AND RAINY CLIMATE, INSECTS, DISEASE, AND THIS TO LIVE IN!
NEVER MIND ANNA, WE CAN WORK WELL HERE.
NETHERLAND COMPANY HOSPITAL

IF YOU WANT TO STUDY BERI-BERI, GO TO HOBAI PRISON. IT ALWAYS HAS MANY CAGES.
I'LL GO THERE TOMORROW!


HOBAI WAS ONE OF THE BEST PRISONS ON JAVA.
OUR PRISON IS CLEAN, AND PRISONERS GET THE BEST OF CARE. THEY ARE FED THE FINEST WHITE RICE.
YET THEY GET BERI-BERI AND DIE.


IN MAKING HIS ROUNDS, THE DOCTOR ALSO WENT TO THE POOR, ILL-KEPT JANGRO PRISON.
NOPE, DOC. NO BERI-BERI HERE. OUR PRISONERS STAY HEALTHY.
STRANGE! IN THIS DIRTY LITTLE PRISON, THE MEN ARE STRONG AND WELL.

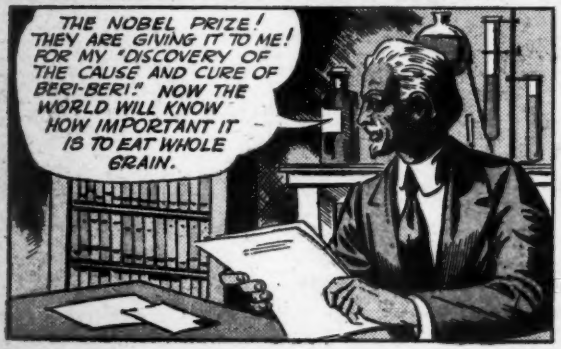

ANNA, AT HOBAI, WHERE CONDITIONS ARE GOOD, MEN DIE OF BERI-BERI. AT JANGRO, A MISERABLE PLACE, MEN ARE WELL. I WONDER WHY?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN THIS RAIN?
TO THE MEDICAL AUTHORITIES. I HAVE A PLAN!

I WANT PERMISSION OF THE MEDICAL AUTHORITIES TO MAKE THIS EXPERIMENT.
WELL, IF YOU THINK IT WILL PROVE ANYTHING, GO AHEAD.
THE DOCTOR HURRIED TO HOBAI PRISON.
YOU'RE TO SEND TEN OF THESE MEN TO JANGRO PRISON. THEY WILL SEND YOU TEN WELL PRISONERS IN EXCHANGE.
THESE MEN WILL DIE IF THEY ARE MOVED TO THAT PLACE! BUT I'LL DO AS YOU SAY.
THE EXCHANGE WAS MADE AND THE DOCTOR GAVE THE JANGRO WARDEN ORDERS.
GIVE THEM NO SPECIAL TREATMENT OR FOOD. TREAT THEM AS YOU DO THE OTHER MEN.
ALL RIGHT, DOC. BUT DON'T YOU BLAME ME IF THEY DIE!
WEEKS PASSED...
YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF, CHRISTIAN. YOU WILL NEVER FIND THE BERI-BERI GERM.
I'M NOT EVEN SURE IT IS A GERM, ANNA. BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
THEN CAME NEWS...
LISTEN TO THIS! THE SICK MEN WHO WERE SENT TO JANGRO ARE WELL—THE WELL PRISONERS SENT TO HOBAI HAVE BERI-BERI AND TWO ARE DEAD! ANNA, BERI-BERI IS NOT CAUSED BY A GERM!
YOU STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT CAUSES IT!
COME QUICK! CHICKENS SICK! DIE!
WHAT! THE CHICKENS I USED IN MY EXPERIMENTS? SICK!

ANNA, THIS CHICKEN HAS BERI-BERI!
BUT YOU HAVE NOT BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH THEM LATELY.
NO, AND THESE LOOK FINE: WHAT DO YOU FEED THEM?
RICE, SIR.
THE PRISONS SEND US THEIR LEFT-OVER RICE, CHRISTIAN. WE COULD NOT AFFORD TO BUY FEED.
SO-THESE CHICKENS HAVE BEEN EATING WHITE RICE.
THAT GOOD RICE FROM HOBAI PRISON, SIR.
THESE ATE RICE FROM JANGRO— POOR STUFF, TOO.
WHITE RICE—SICK CHICKENS. BROWN RICE—WELL ONES. I'VE GOT IT!
HE BEGAN TO EXPERIMENT IN EARNEST.
ONLY WHITE RICE FOR YOU, OLD BOY! WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS...
WELL, YOU'VE GOT BERI-BERI, ALL RIGHT. WE'LL SWITCH YOU TO BROWN RICE.
AND SOON...
SEE, ANNA! HE'S WELL AGAIN!

WHAT IS IT? SOMETHING IN THE WHITE RICE THAT MAKES THEM SICK?
NO, ANNA. IT'S NOT WHAT THEY EAT THAT MAKES THEM SICK— IT'S WHAT THEY DON'T EAT. SOMETHING IN THE BROWN CASING OF WHOLE RICE KEEPS PEOPLE WELL!


THE NOBEL PRIZE! THEY ARE GIVING IT TO ME! FOR MY "DISCOVERY OF THE CAUSE AND CURE OF BERI-BERI!" NOW THE WORLD WILL KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO EAT WHOLE GRAIN.

SO, ALTHOUGH HE NEVER FOUND OUT WHAT IT WAS IN WHOLE RICE THAT KEPT PEOPLE WELL, DR. EIJKMAN BEGAN THE WORK WHICH GAVE US OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE VITAMINS WE ALL NEED FOR GOOD HEALTH.

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ANOTHER "GREAT HEROES OF SCIENCE" STORY WILL APPEAR SOON

Inger Johanne is a Norwegian. But a day spent in her school is not very much different from a day in yours

A DAY AT SCHOOL

By EMILIE POULSSON

Translated from the Norwegian of Dikken Zwilgmeyer

This story is slightly digested from the book "Inger Johanne's Lively Doings," by Emilie Poulsson; copyright 1926 by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

SOMETIMES it is rather pleasant to go to school; a little tedious, oh yes, but often jolly good fun.

What makes it horrid is that one has to go to school in all kinds of weather. When there is sunshine and such fresh, crisp, clear air that it tingles through your whole body even to your fingertips, and you have to go to school and sit there three, four, five hours, then I really think it truly is disgusting.

But when there is a drizzling rain and I know my lessons, it is not so bad to go to school, after all. I almost always know my lessons, for that matter. When I study them twice over and then shut my eyes and hear myself, I know them.

When there is something very difficult in our "History of the World," such as the French Revolution, the Legislative Assembly, the Representative Assembly, and all that, why, then I have to study the lesson over three times.

I am at the head of the class, and always have been, as far back as I can remember. So the other girls plague me to translate for them till I am often bored. I scarcely get inside the classroom door in the mornings before they rush at me, each with her book in her hand, and draw me to a window or a corner to translate the German lesson or the English lesson for them.

There is only one girl that I am afraid might get above me in the class and take my place away from me. That is Anna Brynildsen. From the moment she came into the school, and being a new pupil was put at the foot of the class, I have been afraid of her, because people said she was frightfully clever. She has already crept up so that her seat is the second from the head.

There is something awfully exasperating to me about Anna Brynildsen. I don't like her looks, I don't like her clothes or anything. Antoinette Wium says I'd like her better if she weren't so clever. Well I *don't* like the glib way she recites, as if everything were as easy as A B C; and that self-satisfied look she wears is enough to exasperate anyone, I think. She almost never talks but when she does say anything, every word is so sensible that she might as well be eighty years old.

Ugh! that Anna Brynildsen!

Now I will tell you how a day at school goes with us. Only one time in all my life have I cheated at school, and it is that particular day I am going to tell about.

I must begin at the beginning, and that is old Ingeborg who cleans the schoolroom, wipes up the dust, puts wood in the stove, and so on. But old Ingeborg is so old that she can't see the dust, and when we come to school it is lying thick everywhere. That is why I began to do the dusting.

In the first hour, we always have a student from a Normal School, Mr. Bu, as teacher. Did you ever hear such a name? But he is not half bad, Mr. Bu; he is exceedingly kind. You see, very often I don't get the dusting and arranging done in time, but he doesn't say anything if I, once in a while, keep on dusting after the lesson begins.

"It is absolutely necessary, Mr. Bu," I say.

And it really is. All the desks, the window sills, the maps, even up on the platform around Mr. Bu's elbows on his desk, I have

to dust. It was only once I did that, however.

Well, it was one summer day just before vacation.

Such sunshine you never saw. The sea was one mass of sparkles; two or three mackerel boats lay outside the islands. Oh, to row out there now, to sit in the boat and dabble in the blue-green water, to land on Marcussen's Island, and run up on the hill there and shout and play and enjoy yourself!

But no. I must go to school; and I didn't know a word of my lesson which was about Olaf Kyrre. I had been certain the evening before that I should have time to study my "History of Norway" in the morning; but let me tell you it isn't safe to depend upon time ahead that way.

There wasn't a minute. I had to dash down the hill through the dean's garden to get to school in time, and even then I only just got there before the bell rang.

The dust lay thick everywhere. It was highly necessary for me to be on hand, that was evident. But would you believe it? Antoinette Wium had taken it upon herself to begin to put the room in order and manage things; but she soon found out her mistake.

"No, Miss," said I. "Be so good as to sit down. It is I who shall do this. Do you suppose Mr. Bu wants so much confusion here? Be so good as to take your seat and keep quiet."

So Antoinette had to go back to her desk. Mr. Bu said nothing but I could see plainly that he agreed with me. Of course there should be order and quiet in the classroom.

Mr. Bu is rather queer, however. When the weather is fine, he leans out of the window the whole lesson hour, asks the questions out in the air and we answer from where we sit, back in the room. We get awfully lively, you may be sure, but when there is too much noise behind him, he comes in from the window, very angry.

"You'll get marked for this: you'll get marked for such behavior," he says, shaking his forefinger at us and glaring fiercely around the classroom. But we know very well that he won't give us any marks, for Mr. Bu is after all very easy-going.

Antoinette was highly offended with me because I would not allow her to attend to the classroom. While Mr. Bu was hanging out of the window, a ball of paper hit me suddenly on the head. On the inside of the paper was written:

"There ought to be a limit to self-conceit as well as to other

things. You are the most conceited person in the whole world, Inger Johanne High-and-Mighty. Mother says so, too."

Pooh! That fat Mrs. Wium who goes through the street with her market basket, and the neck of her dress unfastened! As if I cared the least bit for her. I wrote a note in reply immediately:

"Whether your mother likes me or not is for me a bagatelle."

I really must ask if you don't think that was well said?

The bell rang, Mr. Bu came in from the window, assigned our new lesson and the class was dismissed.

Well, that was good. In this recess I must learn what I could about Olaf Kyrre, for I didn't know the least speck about him. But there was no studying for me, I assure you, for the instant Mr. Bu shut the door, Antoinette came at me, angry as could be because I called her mother a bagatelle, she said.

"It may easily be that your mother is a bagatelle," said I. "But I never called her that."

"Yes, you did," said Antoinette.

"No, I didn't," said I.

We kept on disputing that way the whole recess. I held my "History of Norway" in my hand but didn't get a chance to see a word in it.

Pshaw! Now we must have arithmetic. There stood Mr. Holmesland at the door.

"Written arithmetic," said Mr. Holmesland. A grumbling murmur came from all the desks.

As far as I'm concerned, it is absolutely the same whether it is mental or written arithmetic, for I am equally poor in both.

Isn't it remarkable that I cannot do anything with numbers? How I shall manage when I come to higher mathematics I can't imagine, especially if we have Mr. Holmesland. He only looks heavily down at you and lets your mistakes go, and one can't learn a great deal that way. At any rate I can't, I'm sure of that. But the most elaborate and difficult problems in arithmetic are just "rat for cat" to Anna Brynildsen. She gets every one correct to the last dot. That's the kind of head she has.

When she goes up to Mr. Holmesland's desk, gets "Correct" on all her examples and comes down again with that unspeakably self-satisfied look of hers she is so exasperating to me that I feel like flying right at her and knocking her over. My! Suppose I should do it someday!

I worked out four problems that hour. One I really thought was right, but the others I had no hope of.

"You may go out into the hall, Inger Johanne, and stay there," he said.

"Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong," said Mr. Holmesland. "I believe if any one asked you how many eyes you had, you would make a mistake in counting them."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the pupils at their desks, Anna Brynildsen with them — she who seldom laughs at anything. She laughed so exasperatingly, too, keeping her mouth tight shut, and not making any sound except h'm, h'm, h'm.

At last the bell rang and I rushed around opening windows. Fresh air I must have.

Too soon, recess was over.

Ugh! Olaf Kyrre. I read hastily as we went into the classroom. Mr. Juul, who teaches our history class, was already there. Such a beautiful nose he has! It could be a model for a sculptor, it is so finely shaped.

Mr. Juul swung himself up to his chair on the platform.

"Close the windows," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Juul! Let us have one open, just one!"

"Close the windows, I say."

Pshaw! We have to sit as if in a box with the lid on when Mr. Juul has the class.

Now for the lesson. How in the world should I get along when I didn't know anything at all about him, — that bothersome old Olaf Kyrre.

I had faint hope that Mr. Juul might forget to call on me. I wouldn't even look at him for fear that might remind him of me; and I made myself as small as possible and sat as still as a stone.

"Kima Pirk, please begin."

Kima stood up and began to rattle off something. She almost

never knows the lesson, but when she is called upon to recite, she swallows and mutters and stutters and uses her mouth so queerly that it is almost impossible to understand anything she says.

For once, I was glad to hear her. Mr. Juul always calls on us in regular order, and since he had begun with Kima, who sat at the farthest end of the class from me, I should escape.

Oh, what a relief! — that I should not be called upon to recite.

Kima sputtered and stammered. Meanwhile I made a beautiful chicken out of paper, under my desk.

"What kind of king was Olaf Kyrre? — Inger Johanne."

I jumped up.

"He was — he was very bloodthirsty."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, no, — he was very brave — only a little bloodthirsty."

Mr. Juul went over to the window to get himself a glass of water.

Quick as a flash, I opened my history, placing another book so as to hide it. When Mr. Juul was in his seat again, I read a whole half page as if I knew it by heart.

I cast a glance at Mr. Juul. He was looking intently at me with those brown eyes of his.

"Inger Johanne! If I had not seen it myself, I should never have believed it, never — that you would cheat."

"Inger Johanne cheated?" "Inger Johanne?" "Cheated?" different voices called in loud whispers from the desks as all the class turned and stretched their necks to look at me.

Oh, how sorry, how sorry I was! How I wished I had not done it. Sorry, ashamed, disgraced!

"You may go out into the hall, Inger Johanne, and stay there the rest of the hour," said Mr. Juul in a deep voice.

I went out, every one in the class still staring at me.

I had been sent out into the hall before, but that was because I had been too lively; never for cheating. Never in my life for cheating. Oh, what a disgrace! What a disgrace! It was the worst thing I could have done. What would father say when he saw the marks in my report book? For I should surely be marked; I saw that by Mr. Juul's manner. Oh, I should never in the world be happy again, never! How could I be?

I don't know whether any of you ever stood out in the hall a whole hour, thinking of the marks you would get and the scoldings. Well, it is not at all comfortable.

At last the hour came to an end. All the class looked hard at

me when I went back into the room. No one said anything, they only stared.

"Pooh!" said I, tossing my head and pretending there was nothing the matter; but I had to own to myself that it was frightfully embarrassing.

I would not go out at recess; no, not for anything would I go out. I sat at my desk the whole time and sketched pen-and-ink heads on a new blotting-paper. I felt as if I should never play any more, I was so disgusted with myself. Oh, no one should ever, ever cheat!

How remorseful I was, and how miserable, as I sat there alone that recess while the girls were chattering and laughing and having a jolly time together out-of-doors!

During the last two hours of school we have Norwegian composition with the school principal. Usually these hours with the principal are the pleasantest any one could have, but to-day everything was horrid for me.

Mr. Juul had, of course, told him that I had been cheating. I scarcely dared look at him.

When the lesson time came to an end, the principal said, "Inger Johanne, come with me to my office."

What he said to me in there I shall never tell. It made me terribly unhappy and I cried and cried. Never, oh! never in my life would I cheat again. Probably the principal was sure of that, too, because he did not put any bad mark in my report book.

As soon as I got home, however, I told Mother what I had done, for everything is easier to bear somehow, no matter what it is, if I only tell Mother.

A Polite Mistake

Mother: "John, take this bowl back to Mrs. Swift — and do be polite. Tell her the soup was delicious and the bowl was cracked before, and say you hope her foot is better."

John (a few minutes later): "Er — ah, Mrs. Swift, Mother says she hoped the soup was better, the foot was delicious, and she says you were a little cracked before."

STRANGE FACTS ABOUT ANIMALS

Gorillas are vegetarians. Their first and natural choice of food is vegetables. Only necessity causes them to eat meat.

In stories of big-game hunting in Africa, you never hear of a tiger hunt. Tigers are only found in Asia. There are no tigers in Africa.

You will never see foxes hunting in packs, as so many other animals do. The fox always travels by himself.

There are about one hundred species of fleas. None of them has wings. Yet they certainly do get around!

Although the giraffe is the tallest animal in the world — standing as high as 18 feet — he doesn't have any vocal cords in that long, long neck of his. The giraffe is dumb and cannot utter a sound.

Lady mosquitoes have all the fun. They are equipped with a special stinger which the male mosquitoes do not have. Any time you are bitten by a mosquito, you can be sure it was by a member of the weaker sex.

No animal can see in absolute darkness. There must be some ray of light, no matter how dim. The cat and the owl can see much better in starlight and moonlight than we can, but when cats catch mice and rats in pitch dark cellars where all light is shut out, it is because of their sharp hearing, smell or touch — not because they see in the dark.

Elephants live to be about 150 to 200 years old, and then they go off somewhere to some secret place to die. These elephant graveyards have only rarely been discovered by African explorers. How elephants reach these inaccessible spots remains an unsolved mystery.

Reprinted from the "Jumbo Fun Book," copyright 1946 by the Hart Publishing Co., N. Y.

MY GREATEST ADVENTURE

By LOWELL THOMAS

Your author is a man whose business is the spinning of adventure yarns — and living them!

Lowell Thomas, world-wide explorer, author, lecturer, reporter and radio commentator, has explored Alaska, Malaya, India, upper Burma and central Asia. Out of his full store of great adventures, he has chosen the following story as his greatest. It is slightly digested from True Comics Magazine.

YOU have asked me to write about my greatest adventure. Well, sir, that will be hard to choose. First I have to decide what *was* my greatest adventure.

Was it my meeting with T. E. Lawrence, the uncrowned King of Arabia, followed by my travels in the desert with his Arab Army? Looked at one way it was, for it brought me in contact with the most extraordinary man I have ever met, contributed invaluably to the broadening of my outlook on life and, incidentally, to my personal fortunes. And it led to a series of other adventures. But to tell about that I'd have to write,

The diving plane had churned up the earth like ashes from a volcano.

not an article, but a book. In fact I have — two of 'em.

But all in all, the most hair-raising single episode I ever went through was a brush with disaster in an airplane. It was a brush so close that there are still moments when I shudder to recall how positively and finally I thought my number was up in that old crate flying over the Andalusian desert.

In the early days of the French air-mail service to Africa I undertook a flight to Fez and return. Flying in rattletraps of ancient vintage, I had safely traversed the air down the east coast of Spain, over ancient cities of glamorous name: Tarragona, San Carlos de la Rapita, Valencia, Alicante, Murcia, with no mishaps.

As the old crate was about to climb the forbidding Sierra Nevada desert, my ears told me something was going agley; the engine was missing. The plane was bumping and shaking as though the motor were about to jump out of the cowling. The pilot began circling. Finally he espied a flat spot of desert, just large enough for a landing.

For hours we lay on the broiling sand, trying to find a bit of shade under the plane's wing while the pilot trudged through that inferno to find a telephone. He found one and came back to tell us that a relief plane was on its way. When it showed up, nothing ever was more welcome than the hum of that relief plane's

motor. If we had known more about it we might not have been so joyous.

In fifteen minutes the mails had been transferred and off we jumped. Off? Not exactly: we just thought we were. With wide open throttle we rushed over that flat spot of desert straight towards a heap of huge boulders with a few starved olive trees and a mule in their shadow. Nearer and nearer came those olive trees . . . and the boulders . . . and the mule; but not one inch of air between our tires and the ground. In the nick of time the pilot slowed down and we taxied back to our starting place.

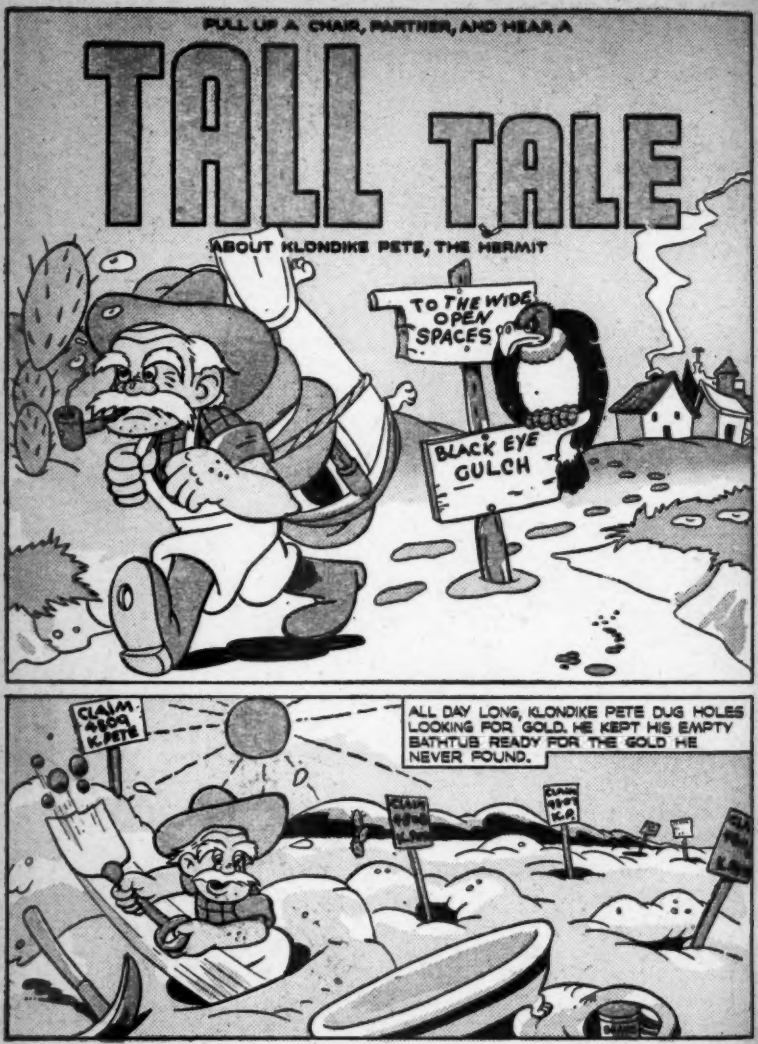
We tried it again, with a longer run. This time we managed to get off a couple of hundred yards from those olive trees. We said "Ah!" We were in the air. On to Malaga! The next thing we were saying was "Oh!"

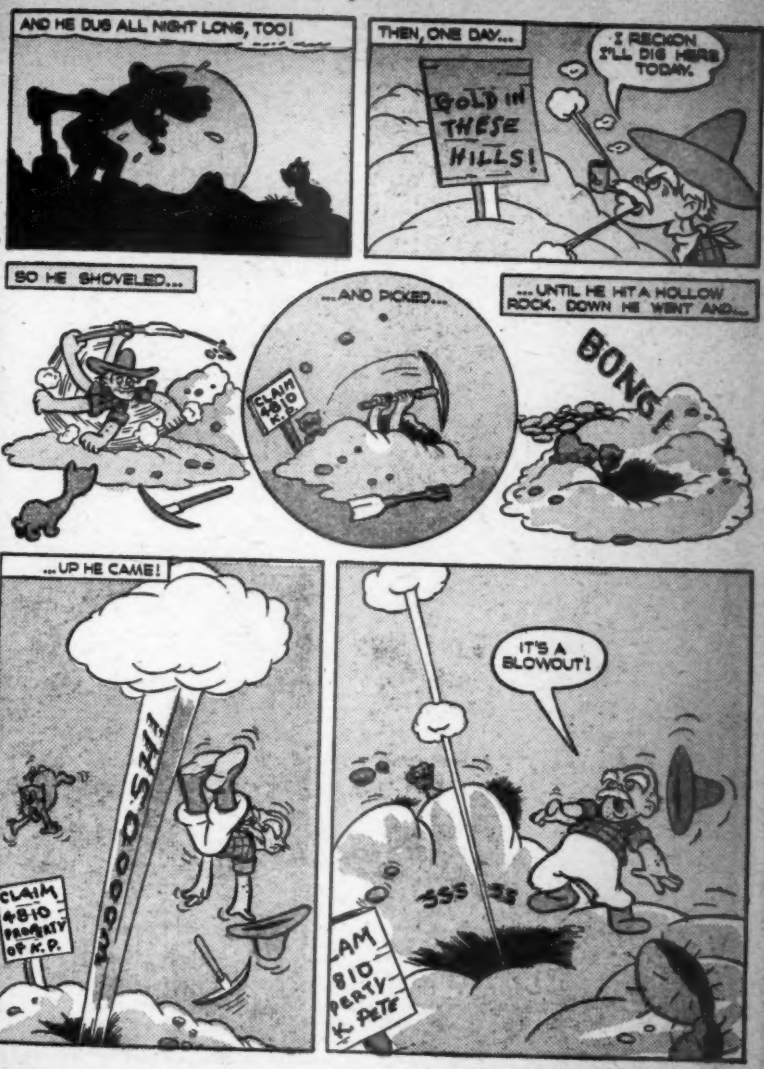
At three hundred feet above the olive trees we began to turn but there was something fearfully wrong about that turn: we were not banking but turning flat and losing speed. One second later the crate's nose dipped and the French mechanic who sat facing me screamed. Then — bang! Crash! A roar deafened our ears. In the blazing light of the Andalusian sun everything turned black. For a moment I absurdly asked myself whether I had been knocked senseless. The next moment I realized that the diving plane had churned up the earth like ashes from a volcano.

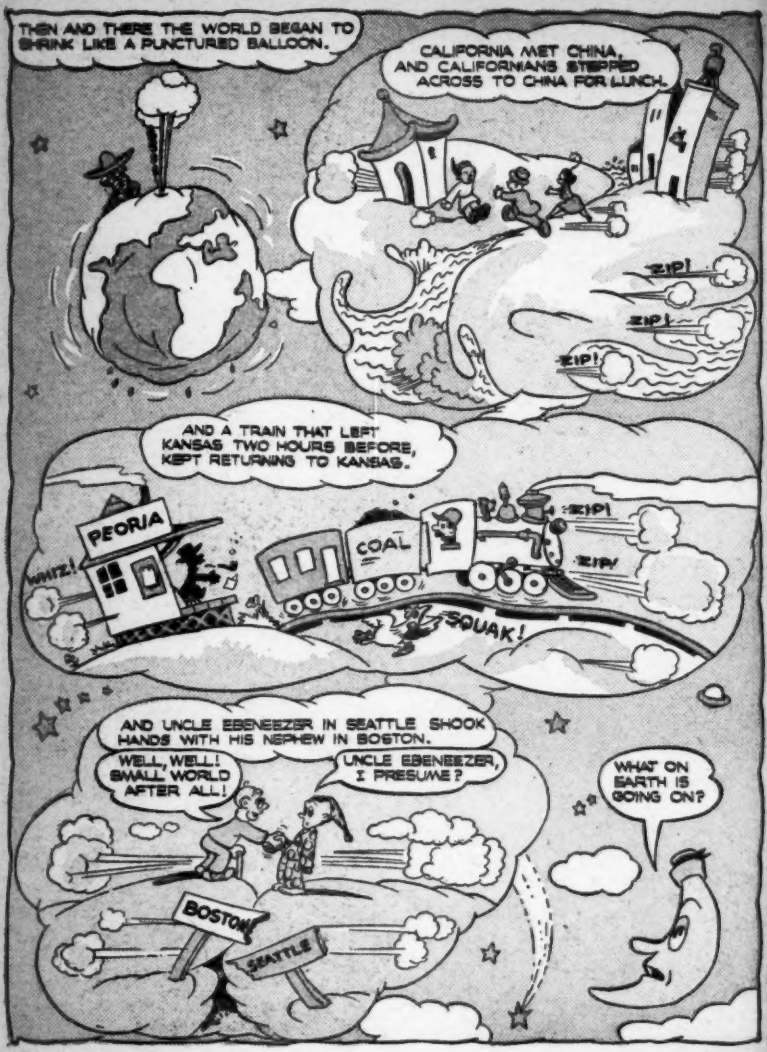
I had jumped quick once before. That was in Berlin, looking for the revolution one midnight with Webb Waldron of Collier's Magazine.

But no faster than the three of us now got out of the plane — pilot, mechanic and I. I expected the tanks to explode any second, and I staggered as far as I could from the wreckage, but the pilot had switched off the ignition. The pilot and mechanic did not move. I hauled the pilot to a safe distance, then managed to pick up the mechanic who was in extreme pain with blood streaming down his face.

For ten minutes I kept busy, clumsily trying to do something. Then the reaction — my vision became blurred and I collapsed for a while. As I came to, every bone in me began to ache. But, curiously enough, with the pains, I felt an amazing exhilaration. I wanted to laugh. And, when I saw the wrecked plane and myself unharmed, I literally wanted to dance. Presently I had recovered enough to be able to shoot some photographs of the smash. Fortunately, the pilot and the mechanic both got well.


PULL UP A CHAIR, PARTNER, AND HEAR A
TALL TALE
ABOUT KLONDIKE PETE, THE HERMIT
TO THE WIDE OPEN SPACES
BLACK EYE GULCH
CLAIM 4809 K. PETE
ALL DAY LONG, KLONDIKE PETE DUG HOLES LOOKING FOR GOLD. HE KEPT HIS EMPTY BATHTUB READY FOR THE GOLD HE NEVER FOUND.


AND HE DUG ALL NIGHT LONG, TOO!
THEN, ONE DAY...
I RECKON I'LL DIG HERE TODAY.
GOLD IN THESE HILLS!
SO HE SHOVELED...
...AND PICKED...
...UNTIL HE HIT A HOLLOW ROCK. DOWN HE WENT AND...
BONG!
CLAIM 4-B-10 PROPERTY OF K.P.
...UP HE CAME!
PHOOOOM!
IT'S A BLOWOUT!


THEN AND THERE THE WORLD BEGAN TO SHRINK LIKE A PUNCTURED BALLOON.
CALIFORNIA MET CHINA, AND CALIFORNIANS STEPPED ACROSS TO CHINA FOR LUNCH.
ZIP!
ZIP!
ZIP!
AND A TRAIN THAT LEFT KANSAS TWO HOURS BEFORE, KEPT RETURNING TO KANSAS.
PEORIA
WHIZ!
COAL
ZIP!
ZIP!
SQUAK!
AND UNCLE EBENEEZER IN SEATTLE SHOOK HANDS WITH HIS NEPHEW IN BOSTON.
WELL, WELL! SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL!
UNCLE EBENEEZER, I PRESUME?
WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON?
BOSTON
SEATTLE

MEANWHILE, KLONDIKE PETE WAS GETTING MORE UNHAPPY EACH MINUTE.
IF THE WORLD GETS ANY SMALLER, THERE WILL BE NO ROOM FOR HERMITS LIKE ME. SO...
BLACK EYE GULCH 100 MILES
...I'D BETTER BORROW A BICYCLE PUMP FROM THE NEAREST TOWN. HERE COMES A TOWN.
THERE GOES MY HOME TOWN— BLACK EYE GULCH!
Z-Z-t-p!
BLACK EYE HARDWARE
BLACK EYE GULCH THAT WAY!
HAVE YOU GOT A BICYCLE PUMP?
SURE, OLD TIMER!
BLACK EYE HARDWARE
I RECKON I'D BETTER HURRY BEFORE THE WORLD GETS AS FLAT AS A FLAPJACK.
CLAIM 4810 PROPERTY OF K.P.

AS KLONDIKE PETE PUMPED, THE WORLD GREW ROUNDER AND ROUNDER AGAIN.
CALIFORNIA WENT BACK ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
BLACK EYE GULCH
YOU FORGOT DESSERT.
CALIFORNIA, WAIT FOR ME!
AND THE TRAIN FROM KANSAS WAS STRANDED ON A MOUNTAIN TOP FAR FROM KANSAS.
AND SEATTLE PULLED AWAY FROM BOSTON.
GOODBY, NEPHEW!
GOODBY, UNCLE EBENEEZER! REGARDS TO AUNT AGATHA!
TSK! TSK! ENOUGH YARN TO PULL THE WOOL OVER ANYBODY'S EYES
SEATTLE
BOSTON

AFTER KLONDIKE PETE PUMPED THE WORLD ROUND AGAIN...
I'LL FILL UP THE HOLE, THEN I'LL DIG ANOTHER AND MAYBE FIND GOLD.
BUT THE MAYOR AND THE OTHER GOOD CITIZENS OF BLACK EYE GULCH HAD OTHER PLANS FOR KLONDIKE PETE.
FOR PUTTING THE WORLD BACK INTO SHAPE...
...YOU MAY HAVE THIS CHECK FOR A MILLION DOLLARS, OR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD!
I'LL TAKE THE GOLD!
THE LAST TIME ANYBODY SAW KLONDIKE PETE...
FROM NOW ON, I'LL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
PROPERTY OF K. PETE KEEP OUT
PROPERTY K. PETE'S DOG

Larry lay there looking much sicker than his part called for.

It's not easy putting on a school play — especially when a cow decides to get into the act!

HAM AT HEART

By CHARLES COOMBS

I LEANED my bike against the cistern pump and started down towards the barn in search of Larry.

"Mornin', Fred!" I met Mr. Saunders half-way between the corncrib and the hogyard. "If you're lookin' for Larry, you'll probably find him up in his room. He disappeared shortly after he finished milking. You know, Fred, Larry's been acting kinda strange lately. Have you any idea why?"

"No, sir," I said, remembering that Larry had been acting a little funny at school the last few days, too. "But I'll sure find out."

Larry's mother was busy in the cookhouse. I said good morning and went right on upstairs.

"How now, brown cow —" I pulled up short outside Larry's door. What in the world was going on in there!

"How now, brown cow, browsing on yonder mound. How now, brown —"

I barged into the room. "Larry," I said, "take it easy now. Go lie down. I'll get a glass of water and some cold towels. You've been working too hard lately. Don't worry, pal. I'll stick by you. Everything will be perfectly all right."

I started to crowd him back towards his bed, being careful to keep within reach of a nearby straight-backed chair, in case he should suddenly become violent.

Larry began to grin, making all the freckles on his face look egg-shaped. He reached for the comb on his chest of drawers, and, with elaborate flourishes, raked the thatch of red straw, which he insists on calling hair, back out of his eyes.

"Your entrance was unannounced, my good man," he said, "but I forgive you. Forsooth, I have conquered it, anyway."

"Forsooth? You've conquered what?"

"Forsooth! My diction. It is letter-perfect, eh what? How now, brown cow — notice the pear-shaped tones."

"Pear-shaped? Sounds like a plain old ear of corn to me."

And suddenly the whole thing dawned on me. "The school play!" I gasped.

"Right you are, my fine feathered friend. The play's the thing. *The Country Doctor.*"

"And, you — you —" I tried to keep too much surprise out of my voice, "you're going out for the lead?" Well, Larry looked about as much like a country doctor as I look like a cream separator.

Of course, District 3 School didn't have an awful lot of talent to draw from, there being only about eighty-seven pupils in the whole shebang. We had tried every way to figure how to raise a little money with which to build a shelter out in back. Some kids rode ponies to school; a lot of us rode bikes. Both ponies and bicycles needed shelter during the hot and dry, cold and wet days, which took in just about all the time. But a shelter for ponies and bicycles was one of those things that the district school board hadn't felt should come out of the limited budget.

After much deliberation, with Miss Forbes, our teacher, lending her mature judgment, a school play had seemed the most promising solution for raising a little money. After all, the city school did such things.

Tryouts were the following Monday afternoon. I didn't have any hankering to get up before a bunch of staring people and recite a piece, but I stuck around to watch. Larry and I usually biked home together.

To be cruelly frank, despite Larry's perfect "how now, brown cow," he just didn't have what it takes to be a convincing country doctor. I could see that Miss Forbes disliked turning him down. But the lead went to Byron Harris, just where it should have gone. Mabel Barlow was chosen as the nurse. The rest of the cast was soon picked.

Oh, Larry wasn't left out entirely. He got the part of a bedridden patient. Not a speaking part, mind you. But at least he'd be on the stage for all of Act I, Scene 2.

Larry's feet were a little heavy on the pedals as we rode home.

"Don't let it bother you, guy," I consoled, as we reached the crossroads where he turned off. "You got a part. It takes a lot of springs to make a river." Seems I had read that some place.

Well, if I thought I was getting out of something by not going on

for the cast, I was badly mistaken. Our next big problem was to find a place to put the play on. The District 3 Schoolhouse wasn't nearly large enough. Nor was there any way to set up a stage or

"The play's the thing," he recited.

get in enough seats for the capacity audience we were counting on.

Miss Forbes asked for suggestions, and Kenny Densmore came to the rescue. His father had just built a nice new barn and hadn't moved the machinery and stuff in yet. He gave us permission to use it if we wouldn't disturb the livestock too much and would clean the place up after the play. A few of us non-pear-shaped talkers were appointed to the stage crew.

While the cast rehearsed its lines, we built up a stage and assembled benches for the audience. Aside from a few interruptions by the horses and cows in the stable, our work went along per schedule. Fortunately, we were able to hide the stock by closing the high shutter doors spaced along the partitions which separated the stable and stanchions from the barn proper.

For the next three weeks everybody worked like crows at seeding time. Things seemed to be shaping up all right, too. District 3 School had never before tackled anything like a school play. We got a nice writeup in the *Valley Center Weekly*, and the tickets sold like popsicles on the Sahara Desert.

"This may be the beginning of a new era at D3S," I said to Larry one day. "There're a lot of other things we need. Maybe this will get the people behind us more. Boy, it better go off okay!"

Larry just nodded. The guy just didn't have a pear-shaped tone left. He had been practicing his role as the silent patient so long and seriously that I fully expected him to develop a red rash between his freckles.

Finally the great night arrived. The barn was packed, and the audience was in a swell mood. I'll bet it was the first time some of

the neighbors had seen each other for years. If they enjoyed themselves tonight, they'd probably be wanting to get together like this often. You never heard so much gay gossip!

Backstage things weren't so good. One peek at the capacity audience through a hole in the gunny-sack curtain, and Byron Harris suddenly came down with an acute case of the jumpin' heebie jeebies. Mabel Barlow just turned seven shades whiter than a bed sheet. The rest wandered around aimlessly backstage, mumbling their lines or biting their fingernails — or both. Nerves were cracking.

"Hey, snap out of it," Larry said. "It's almost time to start. If we put on a bum performance tonight, these people will never support us in anything else we tackle."

Talk about a martyr! Here Larry was probably eating his heart out because he had been awarded the least important part in the entire cast; yet he was doing his best to pep the others up.

"Th — that's easy for you to say," Byron stammered. "All you have to do is lie in bed and look sick."

"Sure," Mabel put in, "why, they can't even see your knees shake."

Then Miss Forbes was out in front of the curtain, thanking the folks for coming out, and, in effect, getting them quieted down and in their seats.

When Miss Forbes finished, the audience applauded enthusiastically. I remembered that applause — because it was the last we were to hear for quite some time.

"All right, boys and girls," Miss Forbes whispered, as she stepped back behind the curtain, "it's all yours from here on."

The lights in the barn were dimmed. The tin-can floodlights glared on. Billy Evans was so excited that he let go of the cord and the curtain thumped back to the stage. I slid over and helped Billy, trying desperately to ignore the titters from the audience.

Byron, as the country doctor, appeared on the stage and quietly started to sort out his medical instruments, which was how the played opened, all right.

Thump, thump, thump!

"Come in, please," Byron said with a slight quaver in his voice.

I was mortified! Everyone in the cast was mortified. That thumping hadn't been a knock on the door. The knock wasn't due until Byron had discovered and read a particular note on his desk.

That thumping had been a horse pawing the stable floor on the other side of the partition. A false cue!

Well, that was all it took! The play began to fall apart at the seams before it even got underway. The cast mumbled their lines as if they were talking into a butter churn. Their movements were as wooden as a pile of poplar stumps.

The Country Doctor was headed for certain obscurity. From behind the wings I watched the expressions in the audience slowly turn from amusement to boredom.

The very air inside the barn became tense. For two cents I'd have cut the rope and let the curtain fall, and announced that everyone's price of admission would be refunded on the way out.

Instead, I, with everyone else connected with *The Country Doctor*, sweated out Act I, Scene 1.

When the curtain went down for a quick change of scenes, the cast's performance was rewarded by a thimbleful of half-hearted applause from the audience. But they weren't enthusiastic.

"Boy, if something doesn't happen," I whispered to Larry, who was getting ready to climb in the bed that had been quickly shoved out onto the stage, "there won't be anyone here to watch Act II."

"Yeah, I know," he said. And he was deeply concerned. Larry wasn't the kind of guy to pout over having failed to get the lead role.

Miss Forbes was busy giving everyone a quick pep talk. She seemed to have aged somewhat in the last twenty minutes. She had been so swell, too. What a mess!

And, despite all efforts, when the curtain went up for Act I, Scene 2, everything that went on out there on the stage was as mechanical as a mail order windmill. Oh, if the cast would just loosen up a little!

People in the audience began to clear their throats and fidget. I couldn't help but feel that the next time the curtain went down, there'd be a stampede for the exits.

Larry lay in bed, putting on probably the only decent performance of the lot. A thing like this meant a lot to Larry. While the others walked stiff-legged around the stage, talking in scarcely audible monotones, Larry just lay there — looking truly ill, indeed.

What happened next certainly wasn't in the script — which isn't saying it shouldn't have been.

When we had built the stage across one end of the barn, there were certain physical limitations we had had to take into account. For instance, there were those shutter doors all along the parti-

tions that separated the main part of the barn from the stables and stanchions. One of those doors was located directly on the right side of the stage.

But I had had a bright idea. Mother had let me borrow an old oil painting of some eighth uncle twice removed or something, which had been stored in our feed shed for years. It covered the door perfectly.

As I stood on the far side of the stage, where we had built some wings to hide all the offstage action from the eyes of the audience, I suddenly saw that picture start to jiggle.

I gestured wildly to Larry. The picture was directly over his bed.

But before Larry even caught my signal, the door suddenly swung inward — picture and all — and one of Mr. Densmore's Jersey cows poked her head onto the stage, and in cud-chewing wonderment, gazed around the stage.

Well, for a moment you could have heard a butterfly sigh. This was the last straw!

Bossy looked down at Larry; Larry looked up at Bossy. I looked for the nearest exit. The air became electric.

"How now, brown cow?" Whatever made Larry say it, no one will ever know. And so help me, he said it with pear-shaped tones, at that — so all could hear.

"Moo — oo-O-" said the cow, and pulled her head back out of the doorway, evidently satisfied that people were the craziest animals.

There was a moment of puzzled silence. Then scattered titters. And within a couple of seconds that barn was shaking with laughter. Even the cast joined in. Larry still lay there, maybe looking a little more sick than the part called for. He was probably kicking himself under the covers for being so impetuous.

It took a little while to get things quieted down. But suddenly it was evident that the very atmosphere had changed. There was no longer that tension in the air. The audience settled back with a chuckle — relaxed. Byron and Mabel and the rest of the cast suddenly seemed to realize that they were there to entertain, not impress. They began speaking their lines out like they meant 'em. If one butched, the others would quickly help him ad lib his way out of it.

Why, giving that play had finally become fun!

We got a cautious hand at the end of Act I. Act II brought on thunderous applause that had the horse stomping around in the stables next door. When the curtain went down on the last act

I was afraid we'd have to pry the people off their benches to get them to go home. They wanted to stick around for more.

And when the cast lined up for a couple of curtain calls, there were shouts for "The patient! The patient!" The audience wasn't happy until Larry had taken a couple of bows — all by himself.

Well, we got our pony and bike shelter, all right — and that's only the beginning. You'll not find a single person around District 3 School, or Valley Center, for that matter, who has any doubt concerning what saved the day that night in Densmore's barn.

It was nothing more or less than a cow — a brown cow — and a friend of mine with freckles, red hair, a quick mind — and pear-shaped tones.

A FAMOUS COIN PUZZLE

Put three coins in a row on the table with the two end coins heads up and the middle coin tails up. The problem is to make three moves, turning over two coins each time, and finish with all three coins tails up.

Answer on page 129

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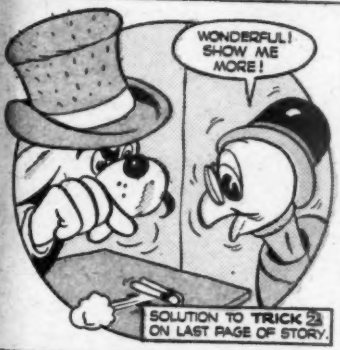
HOCUS-POCUS
MAGIC FOR EVERYBODY
STEP INSIDE, FOLKS, AND SEE HOCUS-POCUS DO HIS MAGIC TRICKS.
AH! A CUSTOMER! GOT A BOX OF MATCHES?
WHY, YES! I BELIEVE I HAVE.
TRICK 1
AHEM! ON WHICH END OF THE BOX WOULD YOU SAY THE HEADS ARE?

REMOVE TWO MATCHES.
GOODNESS GRACIOUS! HOW DID YOU FIND THE HEADS?
SOLUTION TO TRICK 1 ON LAST PAGE OF STORY.

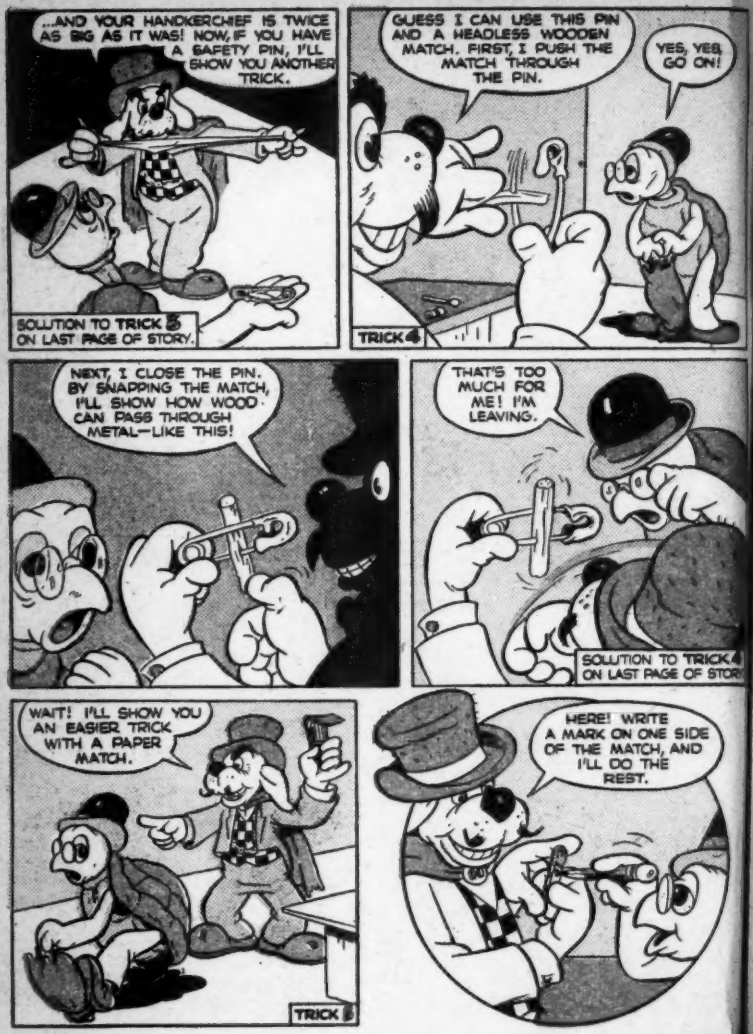
ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR TURTLE! NOW, CAN YOU MAKE THOSE TWO MATCHES COME TOGETHER WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM?
COME ON, MATCHES, USE YOUR HEADS! TSK, TSK! I CAN'T DO IT!
TRICK 1


WONDERFUL! SHOW ME MORE!
SOLUTION TO TRICK 2 ON LAST PAGE OF STORY.

WHEW! WORKING WITH MATCHES IS HOT WORK! GOT A HANDKERCHIEF?
WILL THIS DO?

KIND OF SMALL FOR A GUY MY SIZE! MAY I STRETCH IT A BIT?
HOW CAN YOU?
TRICK 2

EASILY! A TWIST OF THE WRIST, A COUPLE OF JERKS...


...AND YOUR HANDKERCHIEF IS TWICE AS BIG AS IT WAS! NOW, IF YOU HAVE A SAFETY PIN, I'LL SHOW YOU ANOTHER TRICK.
SOLUTION TO TRICK 5 ON LAST PAGE OF STORY.
GUESS I CAN USE THIS PIN AND A HEADLESS WOODEN MATCH. FIRST, I PUSH THE MATCH THROUGH THE PIN.
YES, YES, GO ON!
TRICK 4
NEXT, I CLOSE THE PIN. BY SNAPPING THE MATCH, I'LL SHOW HOW WOOD CAN PASS THROUGH METAL—LIKE THIS!
THAT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME! I'M LEAVING.
SOLUTION TO TRICK 4 ON LAST PAGE OF STORY
WAIT! I'LL SHOW YOU AN EASIER TRICK WITH A PAPER MATCH.
TRICK 5
HERE! WRITE A MARK ON ONE SIDE OF THE MATCH, AND I'LL DO THE REST.

I TURN THE MATCH OVER, AND YOUR MARK IS ON THE OTHER SIDE, TOO!
YOU PUT THAT MARK ON WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING.
I DID? WELL, I'LL TURN THE MATCH BACK AGAIN, AND PRESTO! YOUR MARK HAS DISAPPEARED.
ONE SIDE IS MARKED AND ONE SIDE ISN'T! THAT'S WHAT!
SOLUTION TO TRICK ON LAST PAGE OF STORY.
OH, YEAH? I'LL THROW THIS MATCH ON THE TABLE. IF IT FALLS MARKED SIDE UP OR BLANK SIDE UP, I'LL BUY YOU A PACKAGE OF BUBBLE GUM.
?
TRICK
HOW SILLY OF ME! THAT'S ONE THAT DOESN'T NEED ANY EXPLANATION! HE BENT THE MATCH, SO OF COURSE IT STOOD ON EDGE.
HEE! HAW!
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! HOW DO YOU DO THOSE TRICKS?
ALL THE ANSWERS ARE IN THIS BOOK.
HOCUS-POCUS
I'LL READ THE BOOK, THEN I'LL DO THE TRICKS MYSELF.
HOCUS-POCUS

HOW HOCUS-POCUS DOES HIS TRICKS.
BALANCE THE MATCH BOX ON YOUR FINGER. THE END WITH THE HEADS WILL TILT BECAUSE IT'S HEAVIER.
HEADS
1
TO GET MATCHES TOGETHER, BLOW ALONG FINGER ON SIDE AWAY FROM AUDIENCE. MEANWHILE, WIGGLE YOUR FINGER TO GIVE THE EFFECT OF HYPNOTIZING THE MATCH.
AIR CURRENT
2
STRETCHING THE HANDKERCHIEF IS EASY! FIRST, FOLD IT FROM CORNER TO CORNER. IT'S LONGER THAN SQUARE. ALSO, THE MATERIAL WILL S-T-R-E-T-C-H, WHEN HELD THIS WAY. NOW, HOLD ONE CORNER TIGHTLY, FEEDING IT OUT SLOWLY WHILE TWISTING WITH THE OTHER HAND.
3
FEED WITH THIS HAND
TWIST WITH THIS HAND
THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE! WHEN YOU SNAP THE MATCH AGAINST THE PIN BAR, IT WILL SPRING AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE, APPEARING TO GO THROUGH THE METAL.
PRESS DOWN
4
HOLD MARKED PAPER MATCH LIKE THIS (A). THEN, TWIST IT OVER BETWEEN YOUR FINGERS AS YOU TURN THE HEAD END DOWN, LIKE THIS (B).
5
A
B
TWIST OVER
PSST! MEET ME HERE AGAIN, AND I'LL SHOW YOU MORE TRICKS.
THANK YOU. I'LL BE BACK AFTER I PRACTICE WHAT I LEARNED TODAY. GOODBY FOR NOW.
JOIN MR. TURTLE SOON, AND LEARN MORE HOCUS-POCUS TRICKS.

The Magic Paintbrush

By J. ORIOLO

THERE were many artists in the far-off kingdom of Anchovia. They were all poor and unhappy, but Orlando was the poorest and unhappiest of all.

Every day, long past his bed time, Orlando sat before his easel in his cold room. He was the saddest artist in Anchovia because he had never finished painting a picture — not a single picture, not even a small one!

He had tried — hundreds of times. He would tack a clean, fresh piece of paper on his easel, pick up his brush, and start to paint. But always, when the picture was half-finished, Orlando would throw down his brush and start to cry with great, gulping sobs.

"It's not turning out right!" he would sob. "I can't finish it. If I could only finish a picture, I would be a really great artist!"

But he never did finish painting a picture, and so he remained a very poor and unhappy Orlando, living in a very cold garret.

Then, one day, something wonderful and marvelous happened. There he was sitting and sobbing over a half-painted picture, when he cried aloud, "Oh, I wish I had a fairy godmother to help me!"

"You *have* a fairy godmother," said a very soft, tinkly voice.

Standing at Orlando's left elbow was a most beautiful fairy! Her hair was soft-white and she wore a silvery gown. And like all fairy godmothers, she carried a wand tipped with a sparkling star.

"I'm your fairy godmother," she said, "and I've been waiting so long for you to ask for me."

Orlando's mouth dropped open in surprise. His fairy godmother tapped his chin with her wand to remind him that it wasn't polite to stare with his mouth open.

Her hair was soft-white and she wore a silvery gown and carried a wand tipped with a sparkling star!

"Tell me what troubles you," she said gently. Then she listened to Orlando's story, and when he had finished, she smiled gently.

"Close your eyes, Orlando," she said, "and hold out your hands, and begin to count slowly."

Orlando closed his eyes, held out his hands, and began to count, "One-two-three-four-five —" Suddenly he heard a little POP! He opened his eyes. And there in his hands was a paintbrush! Orlando was just about to say "Oh, a brush!" in a disappointed

sort of way, when his fairy godmother spoke.

"Guard this brush well," she whispered. "It is a magic paintbrush! With it you can paint the most beautiful pictures in the world!"

"My goodness!" cried Orlando. His eyes were as big as fifty-cent pieces. "Thank you! Now I'll be able to finish painting my pictures!" But nobody heard him, for his fairy godmother had quietly disappeared.

He hurried over to his easel and tacked on a clean piece of paper. Then he poured some colors on his palette, dipped his magic brush into them and began to paint a picture.

The brush glided over the paper with amazing speed. He touched it here, swished it there, swooped it in this corner, and swabbed it in that — touch, swish, swoop, swab — and the picture was finished. Orlando was the happiest artist alive!

Every day, Orlando painted picture after picture. Each one painted by the magic paintbrush was more beautiful than the one before. Soon, everyone in the kingdom of Anchovia heard about Orlando's marvelous pictures. His little room was crowded with people eager to watch him paint, or to have the great Orlando paint their portraits.

Even Carmello, King of Anchovia, wanted to see Orlando. He sent for Orlando to paint beautiful Princess Jasmine's portrait.

Orlando was proud and excited when he received the King's order. With his smock and beret neatly pressed, and with his paint box and magic paintbrush under his arm, Orlando appeared in the throne room. All the lords and ladies were gathered as Orlando bowed low before King Carmello and lovely Princess Jasmine.

King Carmello clapped his hands twice. A footman entered carrying a shiny mahogany box which he opened and set before the King. Orlando peeked into

The box was filled with beautiful, ivory-handled paintbrushes.

the box. It was filled with the most beautiful paintbrushes he had ever seen! The handles were made of pure white ivory, with thin gold bands. The bristles were velvety, sable hair.

"Magnificent!" Orlando gasped. "They're — they're —" he thought hard for a few moments, and then ended weakly, "they're magnificent!"

The King beamed with pride. "They're the finest brushes in the whole WORLD! I want you to paint my daughter's portrait with them."

Orlando's face turned pale. "Oh, I — uh — I couldn't do that, Your Majesty," he exclaimed. "I — I have a special little brush that I must use. No others will do."

"Poo!" the King shouted. "Why not, pray tell?"

Orlando's face turned a very pale green. "Your Majesty," he said in a weak voice, "I have a special reason for wanting to use my own brush."

"Reason?" the King shouted. "Nonsense! What reason can you possibly have?"

Orlando's face changed to a deep purplish-blue. "It's — it's a secret," he whispered in a frightened voice.

"Oh, come now, you can tell me," coaxed the King. "*Please* tell me." Then he remembered he was the great Carmello, and shouted, "I'm the *King!* You'd better tell me!"

Then Orlando knew that he must tell his secret. Sorrowfully he told the King about his magic brush, and how it was the brush, and not he himself, that painted all the beautiful pictures.

King Carmello, Princess Jasmine and all the lords and ladies were shocked when they heard the story. Princess Jasmine felt very sad, for she had fallen in love with Orlando.

The King moaned, "Orlando, how you have disappointed us! How you have tricked us! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Poor Orlando hung his head and wept huge tears.

"I can do only one thing," said the King. "I must send you away from the kingdom of Anchovia," and the King pointed an accusing finger at the sobbing artist.

"Please, Your Majesty," said a very soft, tinkly voice, "won't you wait just a moment?"

And to everyone's astonishment, Orlando's fairy godmother appeared and curtsied low before the King.

"May I speak?" she asked.

"Oh — uh — yes, ma'am. Go right ahead!" the King said, not feeling very king-like just then.

"Dear Orlando," she said, lifting Orlando's bowed head, "I

must tell you something. That brush I gave you was *not* a magic brush!"

"WHAT?" everyone shouted.

"No!" she continued, with a gay little laugh. "You see, I knew that Orlando didn't believe in himself. He didn't really believe he could paint. So I pretended to give him a magic paintbrush. But it wasn't the brush at all that painted those beautiful pictures. It was Orlando! He only *thought* it was the magic paintbrush. Now I must depart."

And, with a wave of her wand, the fairy godmother disappeared.

Orlando stood there quietly a minute, thinking over what his fairy godmother had said.

Then he shouted, "Hurrah!" because now he knew he could paint with any brush he wanted to use. And he wanted to use the royal brushes to paint Princess Jasmine's portrait.

"Hurrah!" shouted King Carmello, Princess Jasmine, and all the lords and ladies of the court. They were happy because now Orlando would not be banished from the Kingdom of Anchovia. Princess Jasmine was especially happy because, if you remember, she had fallen in love with Orlando. So she shouted an extra "Hurrah!"

After that, everything was fine. Orlando painted Princess Jasmine's portrait. Everyone in Anchovia agreed that it was the best picture he had ever painted. King Carmello gave Orlando the beautiful ivory-handled brushes, but Orlando hung the fairy godmother's paintbrush on the wall to remind himself that his magic power was really confidence in himself.

What else did Orlando do? He married Princess Jasmine and they lived happily ever after.

"Hurrah!" shouted the King, the Princess, and all the lords and ladies.

THE NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK

ONE DAY, WANTED TO SEW A ON HER SON'S . BUT SHE COULDN'T FIND HER / . THE / WAS LOST. SO ASKED THE FARM ANIMALS TO HELP HER FIND THE / . "MAYBE YOU LOST YOUR / IN THE ," SAID . LOOKED IN THE BUT THE / WASN'T THERE. "MAYBE YOU LOST THE / IN THE SAID . SEARCHED THE BUT THE / WASN'T THERE. "MAYBE YOU DROPPED YOUR / IN A MILK ," SAID . EMPTIED OUT THE MILK . THE / WASNT THERE. "I HAVE HEARD," SAID , "THAT A / SOMETIMES GETS LOST IN A ." CLUCKED HAPPILY. "NOW I

REMEMBER. I DID DROP MY IN THE . I'LL LOOK THERE."

BUT THE WAS SO BIG AND THE WAS SO SMALL,

COULDN'T FIND HER LOST . THEN TRIED TO FIND IT

WITH A . TRIED TO FIND IT WITH A . TRIED

TO FIND IT WITH A . CAREFULLY CHEWED AND CHEWED

THE HAY IN THE . BUT NOBODY COULD FIND THE IN THE

. ALL OF A SUDDEN, FLEW LOW OVER THE .

IN HER SHE CARRIED A MAGNET SHAPED JUST LIKE A LITTLE

HORSESHOE. A MAGNET, AS YOU KNOW, IS A PIECE OF METAL

THAT PULLS OTHER PIECES OF METAL TOWARD ITSELF. AND OF

COURSE, A IS MADE OF METAL. AS FLEW OVER THE

. WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED? THE PASSED RIGHT

OVER THE . THE JUMPED OUT AND STUCK TO THE

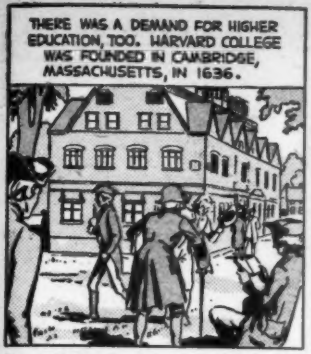
. GAVE THE TO . PUT SOME

THROUGH THE . THEN SHE SEWED A BEAUTIFUL

ON HER SON'S , AND EVERYONE SAID IT WAS REALLY

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD.

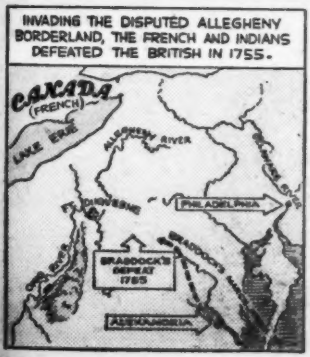
THE STORY OF
AMERICA
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN COMICS
CHAPTER TWO 1700-1783
COLONIAL PERIOD
WRITTEN BY
DR. DAVID S. MUZZEY
PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF HISTORY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
AMERICA WAS A WILDERNESS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WHEN ENGLISH COLONISTS BEGAN TO BUILD A CIVILIZATION HERE.
THEY WERE ATTACKED BY THE INDIANS...
BUT...
THEY CAN'T CHASE US OUT! WE'LL MAKE THIS A GREAT FREE LAND FOR OURSELVES AND OUR CHILDREN!
POOR THOUGH THE COLONISTS WERE, EVERY VILLAGE HAD ITS CHURCH AND SCHOOL.


THERE WAS A DEMAND FOR HIGHER EDUCATION, TOO. HARVARD COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED IN CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, IN 1636.

THE PUBLIC-SPIRITED COLONISTS WANTED NEWS, SO...
...THE FIRST NEWSPAPER WAS FOUNDED AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, IN 1704.

THERE WERE A NUMBER OF INDEPENDENT ENGLISH COLONIES, AND THERE WAS MUCH QUARRELING AMONG THEM. BUT THEY UNITED TO FIGHT THE FRENCH WHEN THEIR BORDERS WERE THREATENED.
CANADA (FRENCH)
QUEBEC
MONTREAL
L. ONTARIO
ALBANY
HUDSON RIVER
VERMONT
NEW HAMPSHIRE
BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS
R.I.
CONNECTICUT
NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
PHILADELPHIA
MARYLAND
NEW YORK
NEW JERSEY
DELAWARE
ALEXANDRIA
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
ATLANTIC OCEAN

THE FRENCH ALLIED THEMSELVES WITH THE INDIANS, WHO RAIDED THE ENGLISH COLONIES.


INVADING THE DISPUTED ALLEGHENY BORDERLAND, THE FRENCH AND INDIANS DEFEATED THE BRITISH IN 1755.
CANADA (FRENCH)
LAKE ERIE
ALLEGHENY RIVER
MONONGAHELA
PHILADELPHIA
BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT 1755
BRADDOCK'S MARCH
ALEXANDRIA

GEORGE WASHINGTON, ONLY 23 YEARS OLD, HAD TRIED TO WARN GENERAL BRADDOCK.
GENERAL, YOUR BRITISH TROOPS MUST FIGHT AS THE SAVAGES DO—FROM BEHIND TREES AND ROCKS.
NONSENSE!

HOWEVER, THE COLONISTS REFUSED TO ACCEPT DEFEAT AND THE TIDE SLOWLY TURNED.
WE'LL TAKE THE OFFENSIVE AND FIGHT THE FRENCH AND INDIANS FOR OUR HOMES!
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO WIN!
1759—ENGLISH GENERAL WOLFE STRUCK! THE FALL OF QUEBEC LEFT THE ENGLISH SUPREME IN NORTH AMERICA.
QUEBEC IS THE KEY TO CANADA. ONCE WE TAKE IT, ALL AMERICA WILL BE OURS.
WITH NO FURTHER NEED FOR BRITISH PROTECTION AGAINST THE FRENCH, THE COLONISTS BEGAN TO RESENT BRITISH LAWS FOR THEIR CONTROL.
YOU MAY NOT SAIL. HIS MAJESTY FORBIDS COLONISTS TO TRADE WITH FOREIGNERS.
WE ARE FREE AMERICANS. WE'LL NOT TOLERATE TYRANNY.
LOOK AT THE PRICES OF THESE STAMPS WE MUST PUT ON OUR PAPERS TO MAKE THEM LEGAL!
IT'S NOTHING BUT A VICIOUS TAX!
SO THE BRITISH WON'T LET OUR TEA LAND UNLESS WE PAY A TAX!
BEFORE WE PAY THE TAX, WE'LL THROW THE TEA INTO BOSTON HARBOR!
THIS WAS THE "BOSTON TEA PARTY"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TRIED TO ORGANIZE THE DISCONTENTED PEOPLE.
SCATTERED PROTESTS WILL DO LITTLE GOOD. WE MUST ALL HANG TOGETHER OR WE WILL ALL HANG SEPARATELY!
BEN HAS THE RIGHT IDEA!
SO IN 1775, THE COLONISTS WENT TO WAR WITH ENGLAND TO PRESERVE THEIR RIGHTS AS "FREE-BORN ENGLISHMEN"! PAUL REVERE, AN ARDENT BOSTON PATRIOT, RODE OUT..."TO RAISE THE ALARM IN EVERY MIDDLESEX VILLAGE AND FARM."
TO ARMS! THE BRITISH ARE COMING!
THE HASTILY-ROUSED "MINUTE-MEN OF CONCORD" GRABBED THEIR GUNS AND...
"BY THE RUDE BRIDGE THAT ARCHED THE FLOOD,
THEIR FLAG TO APRIL'S BREEZE UNFURLED,
HERE ONCE THE EMBATTLED FARMERS STOOD,
AND FIRED THE SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD!"
THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE HAD STARTED!
ON JULY 4, 1776, REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COLONIES MET AT PHILADELPHIA IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS AND ADOPTED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.
TO THIS WE SEVERALLY PLEDGE OUR LIVES, OUR FORTUNES, AND OUR SACRED HONOR.

1775—THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL...
DON'T FIRE 'TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!
1777— SARATOGA...
VICTORY HERE MEANS BURGOYNE'S ARMY CAN'T PUT A WEDGE BETWEEN NEW ENGLAND AND THE SOUTH.
AND IT WILL BRING THE FRENCH IN ON OUR SIDE!
WINTER, 1777-1778—VALLEY FORGE...
WE HAVE NO SHOES... AND LITTLE FOOD, GENERAL WASHINGTON.
COURAGE! IF WE SURVIVE THIS WINTER, AMERICA CAN SURVIVE ANYTHING.
AND IN OCTOBER, 1781— BRITISH GENERAL CORNWALLIS SURRENDERED AT YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA, TO GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON. THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE WAS WON!

IN 1783, BRITAIN AND THE U.S. SIGNED THE PEACE OF PARIS WHICH GUARANTEED AMERICA'S INDEPENDENCE. THIS IS HOW THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN STATES LOOKED THEN. FLYING OVER THE NEW NATION WERE THE STARS AND STRIPES.
CANADA (BRITISH)
QUEBEC
MONTREAL
MAINE (PART OF MASS.)
LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE HURON
TICONDEROGA
NEW YORK
NEW HAMPSHIRE
BOSTON
SARATOGA
MASS.
CONN.
PROVIDENCE
LAKE ERIE
BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT
WESTERN RESERVE
NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
TRENTON
VALLEY FORGE
MARYLAND
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
VIRGINIA
DANIEL BOONE TO KENTUCKY
YORKTOWN SURRENDER
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NORTH CAROLINA
MARION THE "SWAMP FOX"
GEORGIA
SOUTH CAROLINA
FLORIDA (SPAIN)
NEXT MONTH READ HOW "THE INFANT REPUBLIC" OVERCAME GREAT ODDS ON THE ROAD TO BECOME TODAY'S GREAT AMERICA!

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About THE WAY WE LOOK

By EVA KNOX EVANS

This article is digested from the second chapter of the book, "All About Us," by Eva Knox Evans; by permission of the publishers, Capitol Publishing Co.

It is true that our appearance can be pretty important. But in some ways, it is the least important thing about us

WOULDN'T it be silly if we all looked alike? There would be boys and girls, of course. There would be babies and old people and people with ages in between. But the only way you could tell your mother from Mary's mother would be by the dress she was wearing. Your best friend would have to wear a badge on his arm to let you know he was he and not someone you didn't even know.

Mothers wouldn't dare leave their babies outside of grocery stores in their baby carriages, because how could they be sure they

had the right one when they came out?

Ladies would not have to buy powder and lipstick and nail polish to make themselves look like movie stars, because they *would* look like movie stars!

Of course, teachers would not be able to tell any of the children in their classes apart, and you might get blamed for something you hadn't done at all.

Meeting your aunt at the railroad station would be no fun at all. For she would look like every other forty-year-old aunt in the whole world, so how would you be sure you were carrying the right suitcase?

Oh, we would get into a lot of trouble if we all looked alike!

As things really are it is all much more convenient. Even if you have to meet an aunt whom you've never seen before, it is pretty easy to find her. There are all sort of ways of describing people.

Are they light or dark? Are they tall or short, fat or thin? Do they have blue eyes or brown, black, gray, or green? Is their hair curly or straight, and what color is it? Are there moles on their chin or freckles on their cheeks? And noses — oh, my, think of all the different kinds of noses people can have: flat or sharp or narrow or hooked or pug.

Yes, it is a very lucky thing for all of us that we don't look alike.

And there is no place in the whole world where all people in that place look exactly alike.

The color of skin makes a difference in the way people look. It is probably the first thing we notice about someone's looks.

We sometimes say: "There goes a black man" or "He is a white man." We don't stop to think that we aren't really describing the color of the skin. For no one looks perfectly white — as white as paper. No one looks perfectly black — as black as shoes. You can't even describe skin by saying that it is brown or tan or pink or yellow. There are all kinds of different shades of color in the skin. Look down at your own hand and you will see that.

Doctors have been studying to find out what gives skin its color. They have found out, too. It is two chemicals.

"Melanin" (*mel*-a-nin) is the name of the chemical that gives the brown color to the skin.

"Carotene" (*car*-o-tene) is the chemical that gives the yellowish color.

Each one of us has some of both of these chemicals in his skin. Sometimes there is more melanin, sometimes more carotene. Except for the red blood vessels that shine through and give a pinkish

tint to the skin your color is made by the mixing of these two chemicals, melanin and carotene.

This is the way it works: a person who happens to have a lot of melanin in his skin will be brown. A person with a lot of carotene in his skin will be yellow-tan. And someone with just a little melanin and just a little carotene, with skin thin enough for the blood vessels to show through, will be a pinkish, tannish white.

Very simple, isn't it? The names of the two chemicals may be hard to remember and harder still to spell, but the whole idea is easy. Just remember when you are looking at someone's skin color, that everyone has some of both the melanin and the carotene in his skin. It's just a matter of how much.

After a summer of being out in the sun — on a beach or in the cornfields or on a baseball lot — all of us have more melanin in our skins. That's what a sun-tan is. The freckles that sometimes dot our arms and make a little path across the bridge of our noses are just little spots of skin that have a lot of melanin in them.

Now that you have learned two such high-sounding words, you can show off. When you see a brown-skinned man walking down the street, you won't say: "There goes a black man." *You* can say (if you care to mention it at all): "There goes a man with a lot of melanin in his skin."

And if you should see a Chinese or an American Indian, you can say (although it is not very important): "There goes a man with a lot of carotene in his skin."

I suppose all you can say about a white man is that he is someone with not much melanin and not much carotene, but pale-skinned instead! American Indians used to call white men "palefaces;" and that is just what they are.

Of course, as you know very well, the color of a person is just skin deep. That isn't very deep either when you remember how easy it is to skin your knee. A brown boy who falls down on gravel, and a yellow boy who falls down on gravel, and a white boy who falls there too, all have the same kind of red-skinned places on their knees.

They all hurt just exactly the same, too.

Hair is different, too.

It can be red or yellow, gray, brown or black, besides all of the colors in-between. It can be very straight, or very curly, or just a little wavy instead.

And guess what? Your old friend melanin is right there in the hair, too. That same chemical gives color to the strands of hair.

When the hair has a lot of melanin in it, you have black or brown hair. The less melanin, the lighter the hair. Carotene is missing when it comes to hair-coloring, but you must meet a new one: the red color. It isn't present in the skin, but it is in some hair. Melanin and the red coloring in all different kinds of mixtures give the different shades of red and brown and blond hair. Of course, when there is no color at all, the hair is white.

Each tiny hair is a certain shape, too. You can't see the shape unless you look at it under a microscope strong enough to make the hair strands seem very large. But if you should cut strands of hair from a lot of different heads and put the ends under a microscope you could see these differences in shape. Some ends would look round, and you would find that they came from strands of hair that were straight. Some would look oval like an egg. They would come from strands that were curly. Some would look like a very flat circle, and they would come from hair that was extremely curly.

Most people have hair that is in-between — not perfectly straight, not terribly curly. Some of it is straighter than the rest; some of it is curlier, as you can see very well when you look into a mirror.

Blood can be different, too, but not in the way some people think. Every day you hear people say things like this:

"He has Indian blood in him."

"She comes of some of the finest blood in the country."

"He has bad blood — that is the reason he acts that way."

"We are blood relations."

"She has a little colored blood."

All this kind of talk sounds as if different people have blood of different colors. You know very well, of course, that you can prick a person's finger and look at the blood, but you will never in the world find out anything at all about him from that. The blood won't tell you whether his grandfather was rich, or whether he was born in a foreign country, or

The same blood types can be found in different kinds of people.

whether he goes to a Jewish church, or whether he has a brown skin.

Blood is the same no matter where you live, or where your grandmother lived, except that each person has blood of a certain type.

Doctors learned about these types when they began to give blood transfusions to help sick people. There are four types of blood, and their names are: O, A, B, and AB. Type O can be mixed with any of the other types, but the rest can't be mixed with each other, or the sick person will die.

But anyone can have A or O or AB or B type of blood. These types can be found all over the world among all kinds of people if you care to look for them.

Even people in the same family do not have the same type of blood although we inherit our blood type from one of our grandparents. You might inherit your type of blood from your great-grandmother on your father's side, and your sister might inherit hers from your great-grandfather on your mother's side.

The color of the skin, the shape of the head, whether the hair is straight or curly, has nothing to do with the type of blood a person has.

The fact is people look different from one another. There are tall people and short people everywhere in the world. There are people everywhere in the world. There are people with big feet, and people with flat feet, and people whose feet hurt all of the time. Blue-eyed and brown-eyed people, round and almond-eyed people live everywhere all over the world.

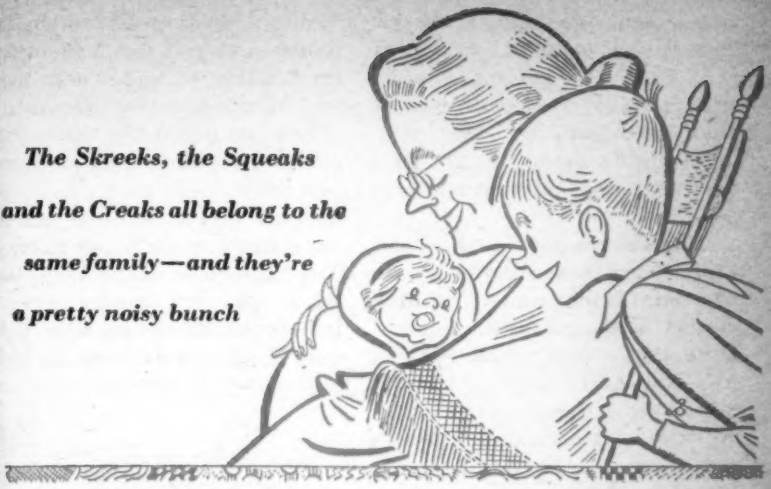
And anyone can tell just by looking that we don't all have the same kind of noses. They are all useful for smelling, but there is one thing to remember. The shape of the nose cannot tell us a thing about the kind of church the person goes to, or whether he would be fun to play with. Scottish people who go to the Presbyterian church often have exactly the same kind of nose as Polish people who go to the Jewish church or Italian people who go to the Catholic church.

It is the same way for all of the things that make us look different. They are only on the outside. They have nothing to do with the insides of us. If looking a certain way had anything to do with getting rich or being smart, we might all try to look the same. As it is, we don't have to worry about that.

It's a good thing, too.

It would be so silly if we all looked alike.

The Skreeks, the Squeaks and the Creaks all belong to the same family—and they're a pretty noisy bunch



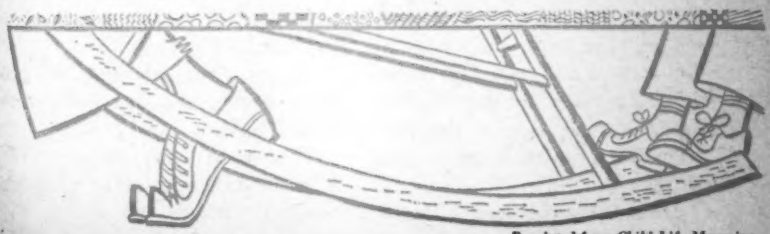
MISS TILLY SKREEK

By BERTHA Y. BURRILL

GRANDMA LEE liked to rock, and when she came to live at Danny's house, she brought her own rocking chair. It had been whittled out of maple wood by great-great-grandfather Lee more than a hundred years ago.

After Grandma Lee arrived, Danny's mother put the rocking chair in the warmest place in the living room — right by the steam radiator. Pretty soon, Grandma sat down in it and started to rock baby Janie to sleep.

Janie had never been rocked before, because all the chairs in Dan-



Reprinted from Child Life Magazine

ny's house were straight chairs. But Janie loved it.

Danny stood by, almost wishing that he were a baby so he could be rocked, too.

"Stand on the rocker, Danny," said Grandma. "Then we all can rock."

So Danny stood on the stout old wooden rocker and held onto the chairback and Grandma rocked, back and forth.

"Listen, Grandma, the chair's talking," said Danny. "Hear it say, 'Skreek, skreek, skreek.' "

"Yes," said Grandma. "That's her name: Tilly Skreek. The children named her many years ago. She's lived in this chair since your great-great-grandpa made it."

"How did she get in there, Grandma?" said Danny.

"Oh, I suppose there was some place where the pieces didn't fit real tight. That's the kind of place the Squeak family just loves and they always get in if they can."

"The Squeak *family?*" said Danny.

"Oh my yes, all the Squeaks and Creaks and Skreeks belong to the same family — and a *noisy* family it is, too," said Grandma.

All this time, Tilly was talking, "Skreek, skreek, skreek, skreek," as the chair rocked back and forth. Janie got tired of listening to Tilly and went sound asleep.

Every day, Grandma rocked Janie to sleep and Danny stood on a rocker and rocked with them and Miss Tilly Skreek sang.

But one night, the old rocking chair was taken out on the porch and left there all night. The night air was very damp and all the wood in the chair began to swell. The little place where Tilly lived got smaller and smaller until, at last, poor Tilly was squeezed right out. There was no room for her.

She hurried into the house and

"A grease job is needed," said Father.

looked for a new place to live. Right away she found a very nice one — in the sole on one of Danny's new shoes.

Next day, Danny was chosen to lead the march in school. Tilly tried to help by singing loudly, "Skreek, skreek, skreek, skreek," in time to the music.

Danny was pleased to have Tilly with him, but his teacher didn't seem to care for her.

"Danny, please ask your father to get the squeak out of your shoe tonight," his teacher said.

Sadly, Danny told his father. His father said, "I'll soon fix Miss Tilly." And he drove a nail in the sole of Danny's shoe, frightening poor Tilly so that she hurried out.

She looked all around and finally found a place in the hinge of the kitchen door. When anyone opened the door Tilly cheerfully sang out, "Skreek, skreek."

But Danny's mother didn't seem to care for Tilly, either. After a few days she said to Father, "That squeaking door is driving me crazy. Can't you do something about it?"

So Father poured oil in the hinges and since all the Squeaks and Creaks and Skreeks detest oil, Tilly got out of there in a hurry.

She wandered into the yard, wondering where she could live now, when she saw Father's car in the driveway. Tilly looked it over and found a little spot that just suited her. In she crept.

"Skreek, skreek, skreek, skreek," shouted Tilly as the family went for their evening ride. But Father was very unhappy.

"I'm going to take the car in to the garage and have a good grease job," said Father. "Then I'll get rid of that squeak."

When Tilly heard this she decided to move again.

She flew into the loose branch of a tree and looked into the house through the front windows.

The only place where Tilly had really felt at home was in Grandma's old rocker.

It hadn't been comfortable living in Danny's new shoes.

It hadn't been comfortable living in the hinge of the kitchen door.

And it certainly hadn't been comfortable living in Father's car.

Grandma was sitting in the old rocker, trying to get Janie to go to sleep. But Janie's blue eyes were wide open.

"She misses Miss Tilly Skreek, and so do I," said Grandma. "The old chair hasn't seemed the same since she left."

Tilly flew in through the open window and looked at the chair. It had been kept in the warm, dry room for a long time and the wood had shrunk. There was her old home, all ready for her!

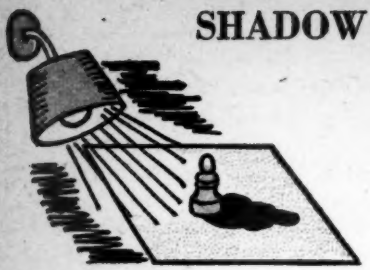
Tilly squeezed in. She was so happy that she sang louder than ever: "Skreek, skreek, skreek, skreek!"

"Why Miss Tilly Skreek has come back," said Grandma.

And Janie closed her eyes. In a minute she was sound asleep.

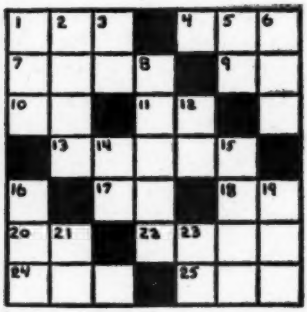
Tilly still lives happily in the old rocker, but once in a while she likes a change. So sometimes you may hear her cheerful voice from the door hinge, or the tree branch, or your new shoes, or even in your father's car.

SHADOW PICTURES



Place an object (a crumpled piece of paper, paste jar or pile of crayons) on a sheet of paper between the paper and the light. With a pencil draw the outline of the shadow cast by the object; then remove the object and finish the picture that the shadow shape suggests. Funny and pretty pictures can result. Experiment further, using two or three different objects in a group.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE (*Solution on page 129*)



ACROSS

1. Strike
4. Title of respect
7. Object of worship
9. North America (abbr.)
10. Pronoun
11. Exclamation
13. Nut of an oak tree
17. Upon
18. Exists
20. United Nations
22. Famous college
24. Not old
25. Afternoon party

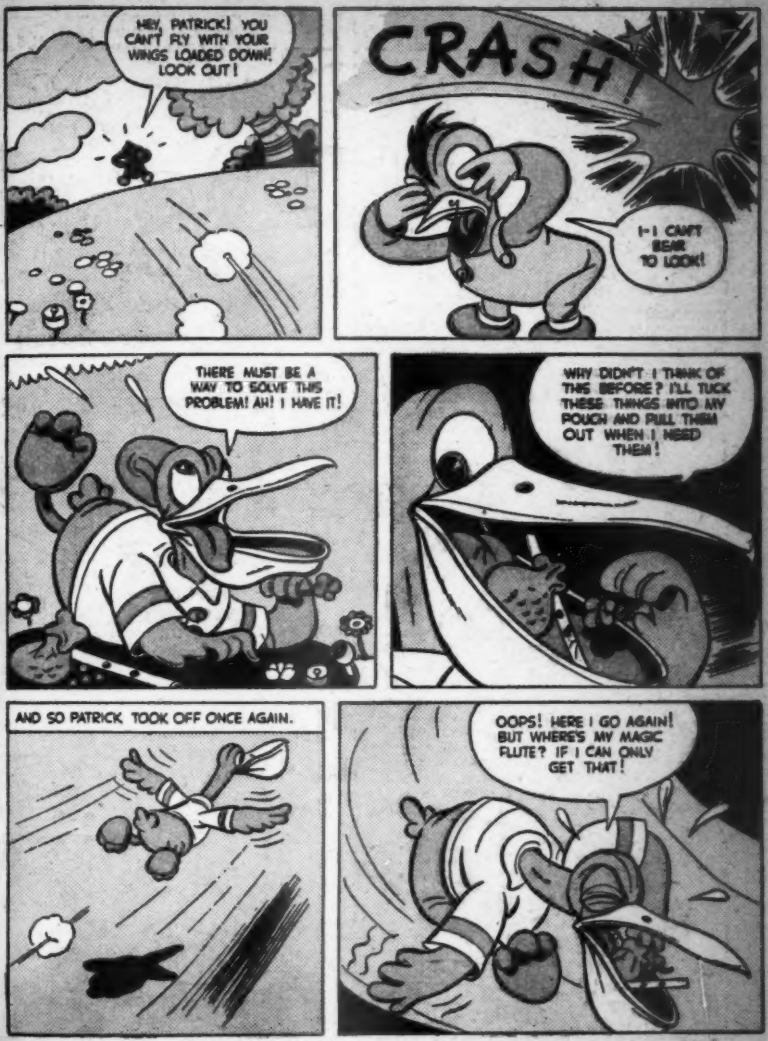
DOWN

1. Masculine pronoun
2. A thought
3. Opposite of from
5. Within
6. A cat chases it
8. Crazy (slang)
12. Hour (abbr.)
14. Company (abbr.)
15. Famous river in Egypt
16. It gives us warmth
19. Ocean
21. Compass direction
23. Near

"Shadow Pictures" from Play-A-Bed Book No. 1 and "Crossword Puzzle" from No. 2. Copyright 1948, 1949, by the Seahorse Press, Pelham, N. Y.

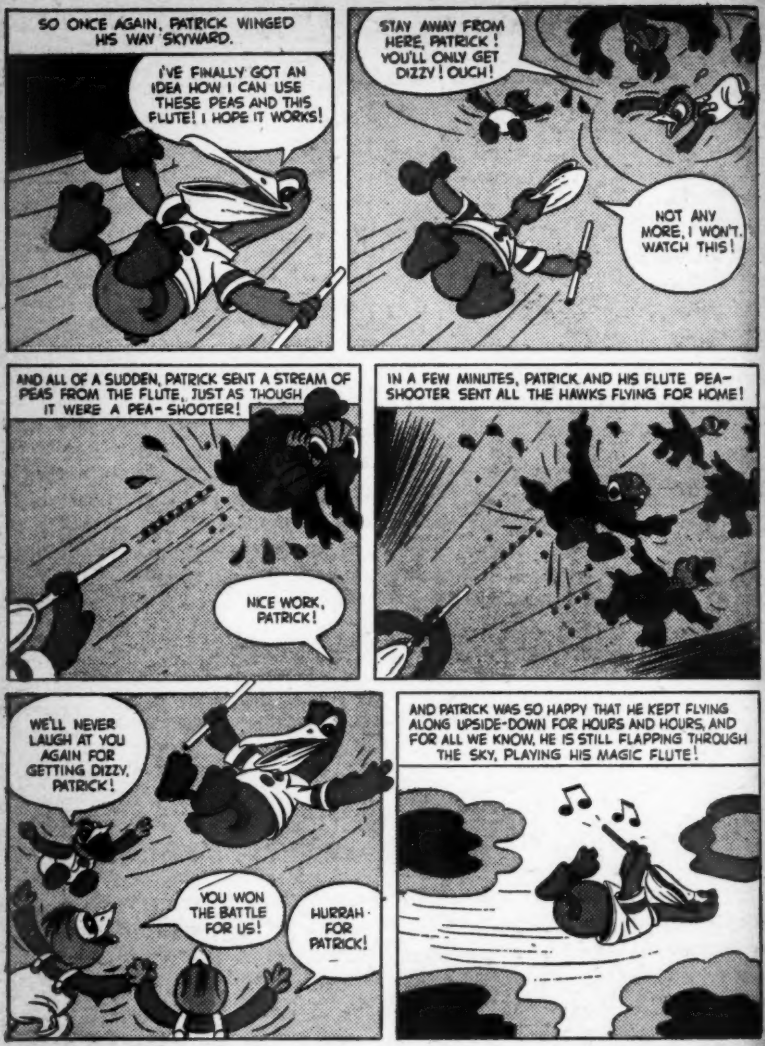
PATRICK,
THE UPSIDE-DOWN PELICAN
PATRICK WAS A PELICAN WHO LIVED IN A SWAMP IN THE SOUTH. HE WAS VERY FOND OF FLYING, BUT WHEN HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE GROUND FROM THE AIR, HE GOT VERY DIZZY AND SICK AND JUST FORGOT HOW TO FLY! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO PATRICK.
WHAT A SILLY PELICAN! HE FAINTED AGAIN!
ISN'T THAT FUNNY? IMAGINE A BIRD GETTING DIZZY IN THE AIR!
THIS TIME, PATRICK LANDED IN A TREE WHERE A WOODPECKER WAS TAPPING AWAY.
WELL, NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING. WHO EVER HEARD OF A PELICAN MAKING HIS NEST IN A TREE?

WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU ARE DOING IN MY TREE PLEASE?
I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I GET DIZZY UP IN THE AIR AND FORGET HOW TO FLY.
OH! I CAN FIX THAT FOR YOU! WAIT HERE A MINUTE!
I GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED DOWN AT THE GROUND. I'M GETTING DIZZY AGAIN.
AND SURE ENOUGH, PATRICK GOT DIZZY AGAIN AND FELL OUT OF THE TREE!
FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! DID YOU GET DIZZY AGAIN AND FALL FROM THE TREE?
YES, I DID. BUT LOOK! I JUST FOUND A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER! THAT'S LUCKY!
WELL, YOU HOLD THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER. BUT HERE'S A BAG OF PEAS AND A MAGIC FLUTE. WHEN YOU PLAY THE FLUTE AS YOU FLY, YOU WON'T THINK OF LOOKING DOWN. AND IF YOU DO, THEN EAT ONE OF THE PEAS FROM THE BAG - AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
I'LL TRY THIS IDEA RIGHT NOW. FIRST, A GOOD RUNNING START...


HEY, PATRICK! YOU CAN'T FLY WITH YOUR WINGS LOADED DOWN! LOOK OUT!
CRASH!
I-I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM! AH! I HAVE IT!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? I'LL TUCK THESE THINGS INTO MY POUCH AND PULL THEM OUT WHEN I NEED THEM!
AND SO PATRICK TOOK OFF ONCE AGAIN.
OOPS! HERE I GO AGAIN! BUT WHERE'S MY MAGIC FLUTE? IF I CAN ONLY GET THAT!

OH! NOW I'M REALLY LOST! I DROPPED THE FLUTE AND THE BAG OF PEAS!
SUDDENLY, THE LUCKY FOUR-LEAF CLOVER STARTED TO GROW BIGGER... AND BIGGER...
THE ONLY THING I HAVE LEFT IS MY FOUR-LEAF CLOVER! I WONDER IF IT'S REALLY LUCKY? I SEEM TO BE SLOWING DOWN! WHY IS THAT?
THE CLOVER SOON BECAME AS BIG AS AN AIRPLANE PROPELLER!
SO THAT'S WHY I'M SLOWING DOWN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A MAGIC FOUR-LEAF CLOVER, FOR IT'S GOING AROUND AND AROUND!
BUT MEANTIME, NOT FAR AWAY, A SQUADRON OF HAWKS SPIED PATRICK!
WARM UP YOUR GUNS AND PREPARE TO ATTACK!
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
PATRICK'S FRIEND, WOODY THE WOODPECKER, NOTICED THE UNEVEN BATTLE IN THE SKY!
HEY! FELLOWS! THE HAWKS ARE AFTER PATRICK! LET'S GO HELP HIM OUT!

HELP!
CHALK UP ANOTHER VICTIM FOR US! SO SORRY!
QUICK! THE WOODPECKERS ARE COMING! ATTACK AS WE RETREAT!
AND AS THE HAWKS AND WOODPECKERS STARTED TO FIGHT, POOR PATRICK CRASHED ON THE GROUND AGAIN!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! SOME PEOPLE HAVE NO MANNERS AT ALL!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! HM! HE SEEMS TO HAVE FAINTED! I THINK I'LL GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND.
SEE HERE, MY MAN!
HUH? WHO ARE YOU? WHERE AM I?
TAP
TAP
IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, HOW SHOULD I? I KNOW WHERE I AM - BUT YOU JUST DROPPED FROM UP THERE!
I DID? OH-YES! SAY, LOOK! MY PAL WOODY AND HIS FRIENDS ARE GETTING LICKED BY THE HAWKS, AND SINCE FLYING MAKES ME DIZZY, I CAN'T HELP THEM!
WELL, MY HOMELY FRIEND, AS YOU KNOW, I AM A WORM. AND WHENEVER I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT SOMETHING, I SIMPLY TURN.
IF A WORM TURNS, WHY CAN'T A PELICAN TURN?
PRECISELY! YOU ARE USED TO FLYING WITH YOUR HEAD LOOKING DOWN. FLY ON YOUR BACK — UPSIDE-DOWN, AS IT WERE - AND THEN YOU CAN'T LOOK DOWN. YOU'LL BE LOOKING UP!
THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, MR. WORM! I'LL TAKE MY FLUTE AND BAG OF PEAS AND TRY IT!


SO ONCE AGAIN, PATRICK WINGED HIS WAY SKYWARD.
I'VE FINALLY GOT AN IDEA HOW I CAN USE THESE PEAS AND THIS FLUTE! I HOPE IT WORKS!
STAY AWAY FROM HERE, PATRICK! YOU'LL ONLY GET DIZZY! OUCH!
NOT ANY MORE, I WON'T. WATCH THIS!
AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, PATRICK SENT A STREAM OF PEAS FROM THE FLUTE, JUST AS THOUGH IT WERE A PEA-SHOOTER!
NICE WORK, PATRICK!
IN A FEW MINUTES, PATRICK AND HIS FLUTE PEA-SHOOTER SENT ALL THE HAWKS FLYING FOR HOME!
WE'LL NEVER LAUGH AT YOU AGAIN FOR GETTING DIZZY, PATRICK!
YOU WON THE BATTLE FOR US!
HURRAH FOR PATRICK!
AND PATRICK WAS SO HAPPY THAT HE KEPT FLYING ALONG UPSIDE-DOWN FOR HOURS AND HOURS, AND FOR ALL WE KNOW, HE IS STILL FLAPPING THROUGH THE SKY, PLAYING HIS MAGIC FLUTE!

Answers to Puzzles

BLOCKHEADS — WANTED! — *from page 54*

1. Two
2. Four
3. Eight
4. Six
5. Twelve
6. Fifteen
7. Twenty-seven
8. Eighteen
9. Fifteen
10. Ten
11. Fourteen
12. Twenty-two
13. Nineteen
14. Twenty
15. Forty
16. Fifty

A FAMOUS COIN PUZZLE — *from page 93*

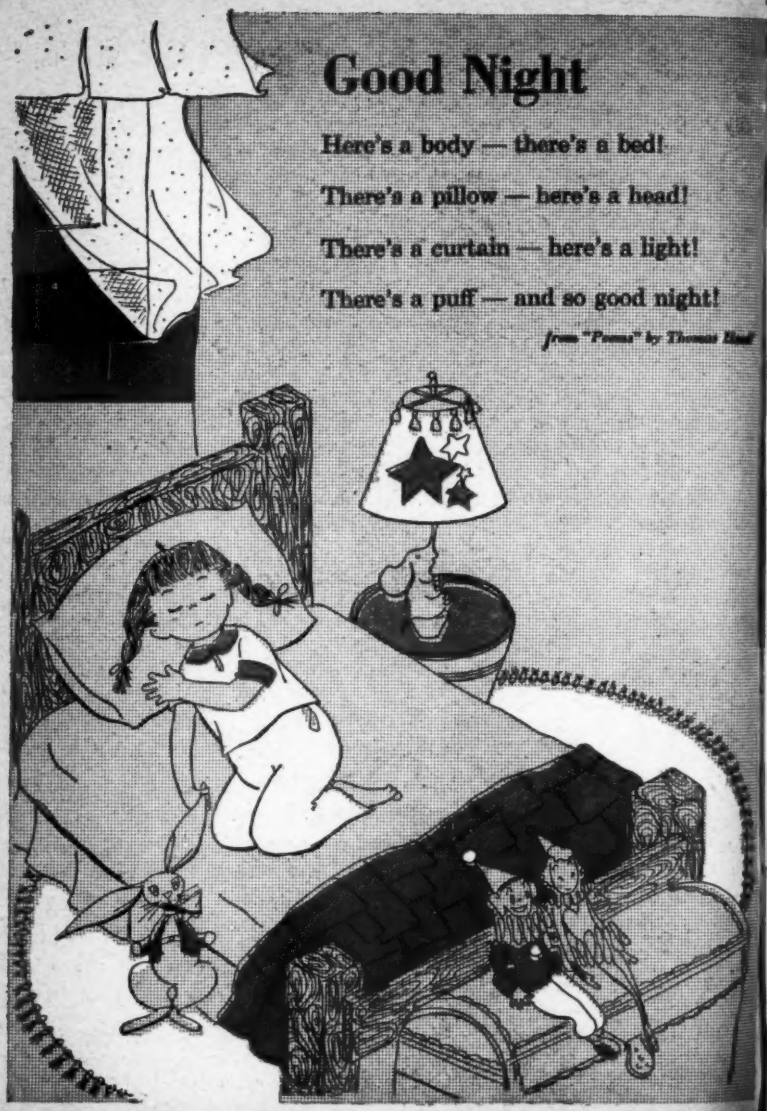
If we label the coins from left to right as 1, 2, and 3, the three moves are as follows. On the first move, turn over coins 1 and 2. On the second move, turn over coins 1 and 3. On the third and last move, turn over coins 1 and 2. All coins now should be tails up.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE — *from page 122*

LITTLE BROTHERS CAN BE USEFUL

On a bright, sunny Saturday afternoon, two children were seen crossing the street holding hands. The little girl seemed to be leading her younger brother, who had his eyes tightly shut. The policeman was puzzled and asked if anything was the matter. "Has he hurt his eyes?"

"Oh, no," answered the little girl, "we do this every Saturday when it's this sunny. He keeps his eyes shut until we get to the movies; then when we get in he opens his eyes and finds seats for us in the dark."


Good Night
Here's a body — there's a bed!
There's a pillow — here's a head!
There's a curtain — here's a light!
There's a puff — and so good night!
from "Poems" by Thomas Hood

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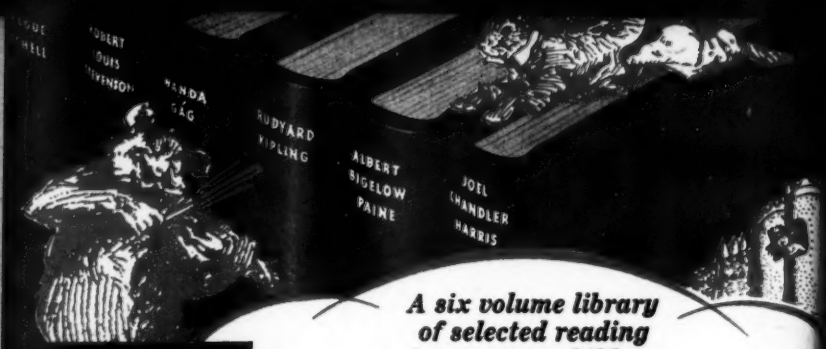

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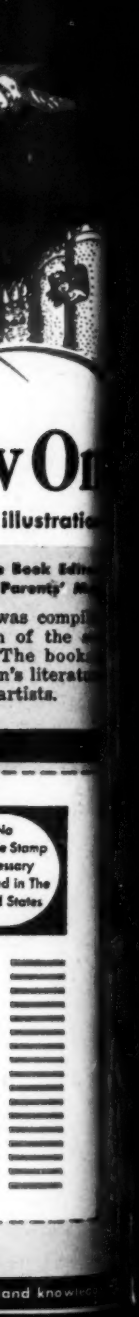
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